

To Warrington 1816.

T H E
LIFE and MEMOIRS
O F
Mr. EPHRAIM TRISTRAM BATES,
COMMONLY CALLED *K*
CORPORAL BATES,
A broken-hearted SOLDIER:

W H O,

From a private Centinel in the Guards, was, from his Merits, advanced, *regularly*, to be Corporal, Serjeant, and Pay-master Serjeant; and had he lived a few Days longer, might have died a Commission-Officer, to the great Loss of his lamentable Lady, whose Marriage he had intended to declare as soon as his Commission was signed; and who, to make up for the Loss of so dear an Husband, and her Pension, which then no Duke on Earth could have hindered, in order to put Bread into the Mouths of seven small Children, the youngest now at her Breast, the sweet Creatures being two Twins, publishes these Memoirs from the original Papers, sealed up with the Seal of dear Mr. BATES, and found, exactly as he mentioned in his last Will and Testament, in an Oven, never used, where, in his Life time, he secreted many State Papers, &c. &c. &c.

Sublatum ex oculis quærimus.

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed by MALACHI ****, for EDITH BATES, Relict of the aforesaid Mr. BATES, and sold by W. OWEN, at Homer's Head, Temple-bar, Anno MDCCLVI.



ADDRESSES TO THE READER

Y the express Words of Mr.
Bates, Will and Power, in
you will be obliged to
the end of the year to be
measured by the end of the
I am obliged to the
to the Museum, and to the
ing the Museum, and to the
which the Museum, and to the
very much, and to the
something to the Museum, and
hope it will not be of any
Mr. Bates, and to the
to the Museum, and to the
to the Museum, and to the
ing.





TO THE
READER.

 *Y* the exprefs Words of Mr. Bates's Will and Power, as you will fee below, though I think it rather unkind in him, the only Time he ever was fo, not to let me shew my Pen, and add to his Memo-ry, I am forbid joining the least Tittle to these Memoirs, and several entertain-*ing* Histories; only in the Title Page, which he had, some how or other unwearily, omitted, I have endeavoured to say something to my present Purpose, and hope it will not disturb the Ashes of dear Mr. Bates; whereby I also am to thank a Scotch Physician, whose Name I would mention, but that, he says, he desires not to be thought in Town, lodging in the same Stair-case, and on the same Land-
A 2 *ing-*

iv To the READER.

*ing-place with me, for his fine Latin
Posie, which I had in vain begged of
every learned and valiant Commander in
the Regiment, whereof EPHRAIM TRIS-
TRAM BATES, well known there, was
a Pay-master Serjeant.*

EDITH BATES.

“ Also.—My Will and Meaning is,
“ that after the usual military Honours
“ are paid to me at the *Savoy*, which
“ I insist on as my undoubted Right,
“ equal to the Rank I bore in my Life-
“ time, and where I desire to be bu-
“ ried as near the late Serjeant *Bar-*
“ *rell* as possible, and the several little
“ Tokens of my Love are distributed
“ to my few worthy and bold Friends
“ and Comrades, that the Oven be-
“ hind our Necessary-house, which
“ seems to have been walled up, be
“ opened, the Bricks being not set in
“ Mortar, only painted so by me,
“ where, in the Presence of my Exe-
“ cutors,

To the READER.

v

“ cutors, Serjeant *Pike* and Corporal
“ *Fuze*, my Papers be taken out, and
“ printed, without any Addition, but
“ from my Death to my Burial, and
“ without Preface or Dedication to any
“ Duke whatever, like the rest of Au-
“ thors, for the Benefit of my Family
“ and Mankind.

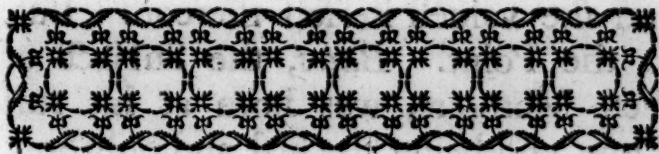
EPHRAIM TRISTRAM BATES.”

*See the Will in Doctor's Commons,
the Clerk being my Countryman and Kins-
man.*





ABRAHAM PRISTRAM
BATES was born May 11,
in the township of Danvers,
Mass. and was educated at
the University of Cambridge, and which at
last, shortened the course he might
otherwise have run, and the military
Glory he might have obtained in a Pro-
cess of Time, was lost by his Mo-
ther, to be replaced by many shocks
the Fortunes of his family met with
the very Year she bore him: She was
the Daughter of a German, but not
being an heir, and the Division, her
Bridegroom being young, was slender, this
occasioned frequent Words between her
Husband and her: He had Riches, tho'
A. A. 4



C H A P. I.


PHRAIM TRISTRAM
BATES was born *May* 1st,
 in the memorable Year 1720,
 and some Glooms which were
 often observed in him, and which, at
 last, shortened the Course he might
 otherwise have run, and the military
 Glory he might have obtained in a Pro-
 cess of Time, were said, by his Mo-
 ther, to be owing to the many Shocks
 the Fortunes of her Family met with
 the very Year she bore him: She was
 the Daughter of a Gentleman, but not
 being an only one, the Division, her
 Brother being living, was slender; this
 occasioned frequent Words between her
 Husband and her: He had Riches, tho'

of a low Family. Her Blood was high, and she valued herself thereon. But, to the Point. *Bates*, the Subject of these Memoirs, was born at his full Time, and being the first and only Son, who ever was likely to live, great Rejoicings were made at his Birth. The first Time that ever *Shaftebury*, for it will be no Disgrace to that Place, now, to own him, saw a Rocket, was then. His Godfathers, by whom he gained the two very particular Names he bore, were wealthy Farmers, and malted: Like most Persons on that Day they promised what they never intended to perform; for, besides engaging properly to instruct, or see him instructed, they never ask'd him a single Question in all their Lives for his Good; they also promised, and swore to it, for they only vow'd to the first, as they both had separate Interests with the Great, that whatever Way of Life he pursued they would provide for him. Thus ended the Ceremony. Dr. *Cassock*, for that was the Vicar's Name, mounted, as well

well as his fair Round-belly and the Beer he had tunn'd up would permit him, his dock'd-tail Chaise-horse with Oil-skin Houfings, and a small Bag of Malt before him, which, hanging equally on each Side, had a distant Appearance of Holsters, for that was his Equipage on Worky-days; and the Sponsors, who liv'd nearer, retired to ring the Bells, which they had first brought to a System, and were much talk'd of for it; so that on their Tombs some little mention is made in Rhime, as I have heard, of their Skill in ringing Changes. That to the Memory of Godfather *Ephraim* was sent to me, and Part of it was this : The Author unknown, in Imitation of their Betters.

*He, for the Parish-good, himself confin'd,
And serv'd each Office with a willing
Mind.*

*'Till he arose ! Each Bell could only toll,
In Solemn sound, for some departed Soul ;*

*But, by his Art those Bells were made to
ring,*

In chearful Notes, the Praise of any King.

Such as it is I give it to you. The Man meant well who penn'd it, but had not the Fire of some Folks; tho' I wander. The House being clear of the Doctor and the grave Sponsors, some young Ladies, now, drew up the Curtain of their Play. Come, blooming Girls and Maidens fair, says Miss *Betsy*, for many were present, *Square-toes* the Right Reverend is reel'd off, and the old Buck and Doe below Stairs are half asleep under the Rose, but not the Doctor's. I don't believe, really, the few Words he gabbled over the dear Boy, and the hard Pump-water he spatter'd upon his pretty, loving, and lovely Eyes, then kiss'd them, with his gouty Chalk-stone Fingers will ever be lucky, for all he calls himself a Man of the Lord; follow me, and I'll turn Priestess myself, and see who is most Fortunate. Away they went, the House was large,
and

and at the End of a very long Gallery they found a snug Room, when *Betsy* shut the Door. Come, says she, Ladies! This Room was once a Chapel, and we'll Consecrate it again, tho' now a Cheese-chamber. My Lord Bishop, who is the Landlord, has no Objection, because these bring him in his Rent, which dry Prayers would not: Besides, it was a Chapel for *Papishes*, and therefore could never have been a Holy Place. Come, you have often stood up for Men at a Wake, rather than baulk a Dance, when such Commodities were scarce, which, heigh ho! is too much the Case now with us, hang the Wars, what say you, Hah? The Jest took, the Circle was immediately form'd, and, off Hand, she made an Oration, by Way of Parady to the Doctor's Prayer, that would not have disgrac'd even a Barrister from the North for Eloquence, Persuasion, and Harmony; and when it was Necessary to sprinkle the Babe of Grace, still to imitate the whole Ceremony, she produced a China Bason of

her own Water, which the first Peer of this Kingdom would then, and now, have been glad to be sprinkled with; she touch'd him gently, in Opposition to the hard-fisted Doctor, and said, " be Wise, be Happy, be Brave, and be as Tender to our Sex, when a Man, as now I am to you; be as silent of Favours you may receive from us hereafter as you now are, though not so insensible and unfeeling of them; never be cruel to her who shall then be kind to you, and you will meet with Kindness enough."

The Ceremony over, they all came down, and *Betsy*, with great Command, kept her Countenance, though by some Winks and Gestures of the other young Ladies, the old Folks were render'd something Inquisitive; and a few Days after the Secret came out, which much vex'd Madam *Bates*, who was not only a great Puritan, but of a Nature leaning to Omens. Night coming on, *Betsy*, and, with a Smile, peculiar to her, and inherited by no one else,

else, said, blushing, "Remember what
 you have promis'd when you come to
 Age, my dear Boy," then kiss'd him and
 departed. It was now *Madam Bates*
 was on *Thorns*, by this particular In-
 junction of *Betsey's*, to know what it
 meant, when *Molly*, her School-fellow,
 her Bosom-friend and Companion, such
 is the World even in Youth, betray'd
 her, and told the Whole: Enraged,
Dr. Cassock was sent for next Day to un-
 do *Betsey's* Charm, which he vainly
 and foolishly thought he could have
 done; and, being in a most particular
 Manner enjoined Secresy, he took Care
 to wait on the Archdeacon next Day;
 he, in the Absence of the Bishop and
 Dean, being the Commanding-Officer,
 and having but lately come into Power,
 was fond to shew it and gain Strength
 with his Superior, which Treachery is
 too often apt to do; away it flew to
London, and the Great-Council of the
 Nation, having little else to do, talk'd a
 whole Evening about it, as it was whis-
 per'd afterwards; and woe to *Betsey*
 had

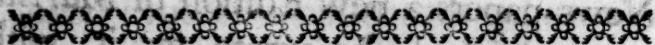
had she been a Man: But, as it was, she quitted the Country, being pester'd with the hard Names of being an *Athist*, if not a *Papish*.

I shall conclude this Chapter with informing my benevolent Reader, that *Betsey*, after some Years of the highest conjugal Affection with a late noble Lord, is now a truly afflicted Widow; not such a one, as I have read in Mr. *Pope*, who,

*Grieves an Hour perhaps, yet mourns a
Year,
And bears about the Mockery of Woe
To Midnight Tapers, and the Public
Shew.*

Her Gaiety, not her Good-nature, is subsided. And should you be ignorant of the Way to her House, 20 Miles from it her Courtesy, Charity, and Beneficence, have been such, that scarce a Cottager would be prevailed upon not to quit his Rest or his Profit to Conduct you to her on Foot. Arrive at her
House,

House, and endeavour to find your Way to her Apartment without a Guide, you would sometimes, by mistaking the Room, find yourself in a Chymists or Apothecary's Shop; at other Times in a little Boarding-school, so many poor Relation's Children are bred up by her, and be greatly puzzled whether it was not a Confectioner's, a Bookseller's, a Music Shop, a Baker's, or a China Ware-house, according to the Places you pass, so excellently furnish'd is every Apartment in it's several Way. She has so little of her Sex in her as not to know she is still beautiful, but can see and admire it in others; and is such a Stranger to Envy, Malice, and Jealousy, that her Sex hate her for being Particular. She is Eyes to the Blind, Ears to the Deaf, Feet to the Lamé, and dries up the Tears of the Fatherless and Widow. Such were Ladies of Quality once! And, why are they not so now? I will tell you why, or leave you to guess, in a succeeding Chapter.



CHAP. II.


B *ATES* throve so well under his many fair Nurses and nursing Friends, that he went to School, and knew his Letters before some Boys find the right End of their Lesson. He tore off the Horn of his little Book the first Day, in great Wrath, hinting that it looked like a Fraud not to let him see the very Letters fairly, and touch them: And this was a Presage of his Skill in the Mathematics, where the whole Business is to unravel, and get at naked Truth. Instead of admiring the Pictures on the Cover, he was always busy at the Inside. As he advanced in Youth, History, and Books of Heroes struck him greatly, insomuch that he told a Friend of his, as an inviolable Secret though, for he was a little asham'd of his Ignorance

rance even then, that seeing in the News-papers a new Edition of *Martial* was published, he wrote for it, with Money he had got by Prize-verses, and was surprized on receiving it, not to find it a *Military* Book.

He early made a Model, from the Words of the Commentaries, of that famous Bridge *Cæsar* threw a-cross the *Rhine*, and it was shewn to many Clergymen, who, because it was a *Roman* Structure, and out of a *Classical* Book, pretended to know a great Deal of it. But he then discovered much Arrogance and Ignorance in those Gentlemen, and never thoroughly could forgive their ungenerous Usage of poor *Betsey*, which Story, as he grew up, often reach'd his Ears, and, as often affected him. But these Men of the Lord, or lordly Men, had got hold of *Bates's* Mother, and occasionally of Mr. *Bates*, the Father, persuading her and him, though she ruled, to breed *Ephraim* a Parson, hinting to her that they feared he would have another turn

not

not so good for his Soul, because at School his Amusements were always Military ; such as exercising Soldiers, raising Banks, and sinking Trenches, to imitate Things he had seen in Books of War. In short, says one, whose Name was *Sponge*, I fear his Head is turned to be a Soldier ; prevent it early ; I hear him talk often of Doubts, Ride-outs, Ravelins, Javelins, Half-moons, Whole-moons, Carps, Counter-carps, and the Lord knows what. A Soldier is, a profest Whore-master ; Whore-masters and Adulterers God will judge. Where will he be then ? Will his ridiculous red Coat, and Spit dangling by his Side, or Footman's Shoulder-knot fluttering in the Wind, save his Soul ? Or do you think, Madam *Bates*, (here, he made an aukward Bow, and lifted up the Lid of the Tankard with his Nose) if he goes to the Wars, that the Corn and Hay he goes a foraging for, as they call it, is not absolute Thieving in his Eye who sees all ; or that the People he kills is not direct Murder. There
is

is no Heaven for Soldiers. But I'll drink the King's Health though ; and wish, when any Danger threatens at Home, that he would send for Foreigners to cut the Enemy's Throats, your *Swishes*, and *Poles*, and *Rushes*, as they call them, and not us, that we *English*, for he hated the Union which he called a lousiey Scheme, may be innocent. No: Breed him a Scholar ; I'll get him two Exhibitions of 4*l.* a Year. I wish I could say more, but am to meet *Honest High-dry* the Master, and *Last* the Shoemaker to blow a Pipe at the *Crooked Billet* on the Common. 'Tis a fresh Tap. Think of what I say. Yours.

Mrs. *Bates* thank'd him, and begged he would stay a Moment while she stepped out, which was to fetch a Glass of that *That-is*, a cant Word of hers, for a Dram of the best ; she brought the Bottle, and the Doctor drawing the Cork with his Tusks, for they were not Teeth, thrust half the Neck of the Bottle up his left Nostril, for he often said
he

he could not smell with his Right, and then, not having Patience to wait for a Glass, drank 'till he made the Island, as they call it, which is seeing the Liquor so far out as to discover the Top of the Convex; and so made his Exit.

Madam *Bates*, while she was most pondering on what had past, received a Letter, which put it out of all Doubt that her Son was going that Way: The Letter was this.

Madam,

*Y*OUR Son has very good Parts, but applies them very strangely. People in the Neighbourhood complain of broken Windows done by him, which he calls storming their Castles. When Chickens are lost, and found on him, he says he only went a Maroding. His Books are all Military, and whatever he sees in them he instantly puts in Practice. He cuts off their Springs of Water, so that their Pumps are all dry in the Parish; and when I punish'd him for it, tho' my Arm is now tir'd of doing it, he Cries,

I

I read of the Duke of Marlborough's doing so. But, these are Trifles. A Neighbour's Sow, near her Time, was decoy'd by him into his Chamber, and fed'till she farrow'd, and brought 16 Pigs: He invited his School-fellows to partake as long as they lasted, and now has turn'd the Sow home. He was punish'd for this; but he stood to it that it was no Crime to intercept an Enemy's Provision. The Owner, who had propos'd paying his Rent out of them, threatens Law. Pray send me Money to satisfy the Fellow; and as soon as convenient order your Son home. Who am,

Your loving Friend,

EBENEZER BIRCH, M. A.

Fellow of Queen's, Oxon,

And Curate of ———,

P. S. *I now teach French, Dancing, Music, and Fencing, having learned a little of each when I was last in London. I have, also, advertis'd in the best London*

don Papers, which you will read (as, at your Public House, I have too often seen the London Evening) and, for my Parts and Abilities, have fixt on some worthy and capable Friends there, — Cousin Twist, the Rope-Maker, in Hemp Yard — Mrs. Cardinal, the noted Milliner in Marigold-Court, by the Strand — Nephew Hyde, Currier — My good Friend Slice, the Eating-House in Gun-Powder Alley — with many others.

Mrs. Bates was greatly affected. Her old Friends the Clergy were much advised with. But the Conclusion is, He was to be sent for Home, and go a Day-Scholar to the Vicar, by which Means he would be quite under their Eye. This was done. Heavy Tasks were set. Books of Divinity and Philosophy proposed : But all in Vain. *Tristram*, for we shall sometimes call him by one *Sponsor's* Name, and sometimes by another, now began to play off his Military Genius at home. One Holiday he was found

found in the Hen-house making Crackers, Rockets, &c. for Privacy he got into an antiquated Coach of his Father's, and turn'd out the Turkey who was sitting there, when the Candle, in his Absence, falling on his Combustibles, the Head of the Coach was blown off. The Father here was privately pleas'd, tho' Madam and he grumbled publicly, as he had long wanted an Occasion to lay down his Equipage. He was, when a House was to be pulled down, always advising to blow it up; and once in the Experiment injured several others. In short, as uneasy as it was to his Parents still he went on. The Money it cost in rectifying his Military Mistakes, was too great for the slender Purse of the old Folks. One single Month's Bill stood thus:

	l.	s.
To 36 Pound of Gun-powder	1	2
Paid a Carpenter for Moulds and	} 3	8
Rocket-sticks		
Satisfying the Owners of 8 Houses	} 8	12
injured by blowing up a Stable		
	Paid	

	7.	3.
Paid a Rope-maker for Scaling-	}	1 16
Ladders to get <i>Wall-fruit</i>		
Paid a Wheelwright for what	}	0 12
he calls Chevox de Freeze to		
keep the Pigs in		

With many others, which the Reader from his own as well as *Bates's* Genius must imagine.

A kind Friend now interposed, and advised them to use his Godfather's Interest with the Great, as they had promised at his Baptism, to get him a Commission. In vain. They turned it off, as the World always do, to defend themselves according to an old Song, || by saying he was a very idle Boy; had he stuck close to his Book they would have done any Thing, and got him a Vicaridge; but he might be hanged for ought they cared. Imagine *Madam Bates's* Grief: But *Tristram* smiled, thinking at last he should get his End.

Home

|| *And give you good Council, themselves to defend.*
Beggar's Opera.

Home now grew very unwelcome to him. *Betsey* was married, and gone from the Place long since. Nobody at Hand to open his Grief to! In this Interim a recruiting Serjeant came to Town. *Triftram* was locked up to avoid him; and an Application made to the Justices to get *Cartridge* (for that was the Serjeant's Name) away, as fast as possible. In vain. Young *Bates* got out, by Sheets tied together, from his Citadal, and went to the Serjeant's Quarters. What followed would make this Chapter too long; and, with a small Addition, is enough for the next.



B

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

NOT farewell! but, welcome!
 — *The Spirit-stirring Drum,*
The Ear-piercing Fife, —
 for *Cartridge*, whose Quar-
 ters were the *Canon*, with the Motto of
Hit or miss --- Luck's all, had both
 with him; he sallied forth twice a Day
 generally to harangue his Audience, and
 with so much Dexterity, that his Suc-
 cess was wonderful: There had been
 half a Score Recruiting Parties before
 him, but in vain; for his Predecessors
 had never enlisted a single Man, and
Cartridge had got a Baker's Dozen al-
 ready. And, no Wonder! when I
 asked him once, how he came to excel
 all others I had ever seen? He said, he
 had often been at Shew-places in Town
 and Country, and the Part of *Kite* gave
 him great Helps, — After the usual Form
 and

and Preamble of all Gentlemen Volunteers, &c. he told them, in whatever County he then was, that his noble Colonel, and valiant Commander, was of that very identical County. Now he was a *Dorsetshire* Man o'course, tho' born many Miles from where he stood, for fear of being gain-say'd. " My Colonel, says he, loves the Natives of "*Dorsetshire*, prove but your Birth "*there* and your Fortune is made. I "*wish* I had been born here! I should "*not* be a poor Halberdier Serjeant now, "*tearing* my Lungs for your Good: "*No*, I should be a White-stocking "*Officer*. His Father is now a **** "*of State* in *London*, and he was born "*some* where here-about: His Affection to the *Dorsetshire* People is as "*strong* as his Son's. If you want "*any* Favour of my Lord you may "*knock* at his very Chamber Door, "*in London*, every Body knows the "*House*, he is a Widower and so you "*won't* interrupt any Business, and "*he'll* get up and let you in himself,

“ if you only whisper thro’ the Key-
 “ hole, *Shaftesbury, Blandford, Dor-*
 “ *chester*, or the like; then, in you come:
 “ And, Oh! the Joy to sit with so great
 “ a Man, without his Breeches, per-
 “ haps. — Your Business is soon done:
 “ — Next Morning, before Breakfast,
 “ or at Breakfast, if you go to a Cof-
 “ fee House, you read in the News-
 “ papers, for the Price of Two-pence,
 “ and they take off your bad Halfpence,
 “ that you are a Cornet or Ensign, with
 “ the pleasing Addition of, preferred
 “ entirely from his Merits and Skill in
 “ Engineering; which no Body will
 “ doubt, because *only such* are brought
 “ forward. — In short, Gentlemen,
 “ to be a Native of *Dorsetshire*, is a
 “ Fortune to any one.”

Bates had too much Discernment to
 mind this, but insisted merely to get at
 any Rate into the Army. Tho’ but 16
 Years of Age he was near five Feet 11
 Inches. ’Tis, now, needless for his Pa-
 rents to come yelling at the Door of the
 Gun — He looks out of a Window,

beats

beats the Drum, and fires a Pistol in the Air, telling them, he will never see *Shaftebury* again, 'till he can come with Dignity, and that it was high Time to have a Gentleman and a Soldier in the Family. Lawyers and Priests were now sent for, and as no Mischief is complete without them, poor *Tristram* is disinherited: — *Cartridge* was humane, and said, if he would return the Money he would release him. *Bates* said No; and only asked, that if he (*Cartridge*) was really a Favourite of the Colonel's or the Captain of that Company he recruited for, that some little Indulgence might be shewn to him at first; but, if not, he would bear it like a Soldier, and a Man: They shook Hands; and next Morning marched to the Head Quarters of the Regiment, then at *Blandford*.

We shall leave them there a-while to take Leave for ever of the old Folks at *Shaftebury*, who were firm in their Resolution, and had altered their Will accordingly. An Estate of full 80/. a

Year went from him that Day. And now poor *Betsy* was pulled over the Coals again, and all was attributed to her: "Tis a Judgment, says Madam. "*Bates*, for profaning the Ceremony as she so *Atbistically* did: — She, nor he, will never thrive; the Devil owes them both a Grudge. And I believe *Betsy* is punished sufficiently; I hear she is married to a Lord, and that's enough — a rotten one, I suppose. Well! A fine Lady she will make, to be sure. How religiously her Children will be brought up!" Then, tho' but faintly, inviting *Dr. Sedentary*, the remaining Parson, to dine, he cry'd, "I can't well tarry; — but, since you're so pressing ——" and he staid 'till the Morning.

During this Interval all *Betsy's* old School and Play-fellows came, and having no Chance of marrying a Lord themselves, they painted Lords in general in such Colours — When, as how, says one, who was now become the Spouse of *Mr. Indigo the Dyer*, — "Aye! " my

“ my blue Fingers are honourable : I
 “ had rather look so than have such
 “ white Chalky ones as my Lady *Eli-*
 “ *zabeth*. I suppose she must be call-
 “ ed Queen *Elizabeth*.” — *Jenny*, ano-
 ther Comrade, had married an honest
 Breeches-maker ; and whether the fre-
 quent Sight of those Objects had ren-
 dered her indelicate I can't say, but she
 was not so soft in her Discourse as one
 should have expected from a Play and
 School-Fellow of *Betsy's* : — “ Aye,
 “ aye ! we work hard for our Money ;
 “ see my Fingers' Ends here — stitch-
 “ ing their filthy *Thigh* Cases : — But
 “ we drink as good Tea as my Lord and
 “ Lady. — I don't suppose my Lord can
 “ shew as much ready Money as we
 “ — few of them can. — I do suppose
 “ when they come down, which I hear
 “ will be soon, that my Lady, for-
 “ sooth, will be for renewing old Ac-
 “ quaintance, to get Credit in our Way.
 “ But his *Moon* shall never be covered
 “ by me or *Buck* (which, O strange !
 “ was her Husband's Name) 'till they

"put down the Ready — and no *Brum-*
 " *magnum.*" His "Twere endless to tell
 my patient Reader what severe Reflex-
 ions were cast on Nobility in general;
 ridiculing their Rank and senatorial Dig-
 nity:—" And wondering (she was the
 Wife of Mr. Alderman *Juniper*, the
 Distiller) " how so many of them could
 " sell their Estates and their Country to
 " buy the paltry Distinction of two
 " nasty Beasts to support a Coat of Arms,
 " made up of *** even their Ancest-
 " tors had no Right to." — More
 would have happened, but Mrs. *Dye-*
tea, the Druggist's Wife, another School-
 fellow, whispered the Company round,
 and so they made ready to depart. ----
 The Whisper was, that her Skin-flint
 Husband being abroad, she would enjoy
 herself --- and give them some Arrack
 Punch made with Green-tea, sharpened
 with Lime Juice, which her Cuck-
 oldly Rogue, for those were her Words,
 had bottled up for my Lords the Judges
 at the Assizes, being a Present from a
 Friend in the *West-Indies*, sweetened
 with

with white-Sugar Candy, and powdered with *Goa Stone*; all which, says she, is in our own Way, and *costs nothing*; and a-pox on your Nobility-folks says I. After as much Ceremony and Curtesying as the Ladies in the *Beggar's Opera* shew in a certain Scene, they all departed.



B **CHAP.**

C H A P. IV.

* * * * * O W 'rose, in *silver Majesty*,
 * * * * * N that fatal Enemy to ugly
 * * * * * Whores and clumsy Pick-poc-
 kets, the *Moon*, and, as *Mil-*
ton further says, *with her Light, sha-*
dow, sets off the Face of Things.
 Bates, after refreshing himself at his
 Quarters, the *Valiant Trooper*, and pas-
 sing his Officer's Review, slyly took a
 Firelock and a Comrade whom he had
 mark'd in the Tap-room for his Sol-
 dier-like Deportment, and said to him,
 "I would fain surprize my noble Com-
 mander To-morrow, if I in anywise
 could, with my Knowledge of this
 Instrument: Do, teach me, I'll pay
 you for your Trouble, only keep it
 a Secret." The Bowling-green was
 at Hand, and so surrounded with a
 Hedge-row that no one suspected any
 People there at that Time, the Necess-
 sary-

sary-house, the only Chance of being disturbed, being within Doors, and, oh! strange to relate, near the Pantry. And so they began.

The old Soldier was amaz'd at his Memory and Cleverness: But, having heard the News from the Kitchen that he was a young Fellow of Family and Fortune, almost wept. *Bates* cheer'd him, by saying, " My Skill in Mathematics and Engineering is such, I shall be a Great Man, and, if I am, will remember you, Brother *Bayonet*," for that was his Name. " Aye, says *Bayonet*, " I thought so too once; " but you'll find some Duke's Pimp, " Plate-licking Footman, or Dunghill-flavour'd Groom, or the fourth, nay, " fourteenth Cousin of a Parliament-Man will be put over your Head, as they have been over mine. I am now " near 60, have been under Arms since " 17, and tho' I can't boast any Knowledge of Mathematics, or Skill in Gunnery, yet I think the Pains I have taken " in training all the young Recruits, and

" Dili-

“ Diligence with-all, merited better For-
 “ tune. I ought to have been a Ser-
 “ jeant when *Cartridge* was made:
 “ But there’s a Secret — his Sister and
 “ the Colonel — I say no more — learn,
 “ young Man, to be deaf when you hear,
 “ and blind when you see, or Woe be to
 “ you. However, I wish you more
 “ Luck than old *Bayonet* :” And, hav-
 ing accepted, with some Struggles,
 a bright Queen *Anne*’s Shilling from
Bates for his Trouble, (which he gen-
 teelly said was not intended as a Re-
 ward for his Service, but only to put
 him in Mind of brave Times, for he
 added a Handful of Copper besides)
 took his Leave; for *Bates* desired to be
 alone.

He now practises all he had been
 taught again and again, the Moon and
 Weather still favouring. “ I shall soon,
 says he, “ be talk’d of here for a *Mar-*
 “ *tin*, and this will be carried to *Lon-*
 “ *don*, and then I shall be able to look
 “ *Dr. Cassoc* and the old Folks in the
 “ Face.” The Clock now struck Two,

fo

so many Hours from Nine had *Bates*
 been practising his Step, and the Weild
 of his Firelock. "It will do, says he,
 " and now, to begin early with Hard-
 " ships, I'll sleep upon that Garden-
 " Bench, for one of these Days we
 " shall live in Barracks and lie hard;
 " besides, Marshal *Turenne*, when a
 " Boy, and a puny one, was found
 " sleeping on a Cannon, I wish there
 " was one here: There's the Iron
 " Roller, I'll rest my Head on that;
 " second Thoughts, 'tis something
 " like a Cominge." He soon fell
 asleep, tired with his March that Day,
 and his five Hours Exercise; but before
 he went to Rest *Betsey*, and her Prank
 at his Christning, run so in his Head,
 that he dreamt of her, and talk'd so loud
 in his Sleep that *Bayonet*, who was sent
 out, thinking he might have deserted,
 over-heard him say, "Oh! *Betsey*, your
 " dear Maggot at my Christning will
 " make a Man of me. Wherever you
 " are, Angels protect and guard you."
Bayonet, who came on Tip-toe, 'now
 wak'd,

wak'd him, and said, " Pray, have you
 " ever been a Play'r-Man? it seems
 " so by your Tone of Voice. If so,
 " I'll never Roll with you; for I think
 " it beneath even a private Man to be
 " intimate with a vagabond Shew-fel-
 " low : Let me know, that I may beat
 " my Retreat in Time ; for tho' I am
 " told many a Colonel, and many a
 " Duke after him, have them at their
 " Tables, yet 'tis only to laugh at them,
 " and not laugh with them." *Bates*, now
 broad awake, smil'd at *Bayonet's* Noti-
 ons of Rank, it being the only Thing
 which had tempted himself into the Ar-
 my, and having walk'd a Turn or two,
 soon convinc'd him that he had a little
 Love, among other Things, for Plays
 and Poetry, which, as lesser Accom-
 plishments, would serve him in great
 Stead at the Tables of Grandees who
 might not understand more noble Stu-
 dies, where he did not doubt soon to
 arrive.

Bayonet now ask'd him, " If he did
 " not want Sleep." — " No, says *Bates*,
 " 'tis

" 'tis near Morning, and this is only a
 " Sample of what I can do when my
 " King or Country call. 'Tis not a
 " red Coat makes a Soldier ; Patience
 " of Fatigue, Firmness in Danger are
 " the Things : And you will live to
 " see, without any Parliament Man's
 " Interest, and without Purchase, for
 " I believe my Friends would purchase
 " for me if I could beg Pardon, I will
 " will be an Officer. He that buys is
 " no Soldier. Adieu, honest *Bayonet*,
 " I'll read 'till Morn.

Bates, being alone, could not help
 wond'ring at the general Contempt for
 Play'r-Men, as *Bayonet* call'd them, —
 a Profession, says he, that in general
 requires the best Talents of every parti-
 cular one, Voice, Address, Figure, Me-
 mory, Application, Judgment, and what
 not? I own, I honour and pity them ;
 honour their Abilities, and pity them
 for the Sights they endure.

Bayonet, when he went in, buzz'd
 it in the Kitchen ; for now the first
 Maid-servant was stirring, whose Busi-
 ness

ness it is, while she is inferior, to bear the Fatigues of her Superior, in the Arms of some Stable-smelling Groom, perhaps, and while she was lighting Fires, &c. *Bayonet* told her what a wonderful young Recruit they had, and wished, " as, says he, I know the World, that " his Genius did not make him Enemies among the Officers, who, like " Mankind in general, seldom like that " in another which they have not themselves." But it had a contrary Effect. Who should the Captain of Grenadiers of this Regiment be but *Betsy's* own and only Brother ; a Man who, like his Sister, had a Head to conceive, and a Heart to execute, every Thing great and noble in Love, in Friendship, or in War. What a Turn? The Captain, at Breakfast, heard, in a confus'd Way, something of this Recruit, and, with a Benevolence and Grace still attendant on him, tho' now by being slighted a private Gentleman, sent for him up, and spoke with him. Instead of the Idle Questions which Officers in
general

general ask, he examined *Bates's* Skill
 in the Classics, in Mathematics, and so
 on. Amaz'd at his Answers, he said,
 with a Smile, " I shall never forget
 " the Sweets of our first Life at School :
 " I had forgot your Person but not your
 " Virtues : I'll immediately write to
 " your Friends, that I am willing to
 " discharge you : If you don't chuse
 " that, I will press them to purchase a
 " Commission for you. 'Tis Pity a
 " Person of your Abilities and Accom-
 " plishments should rank with com-
 " mon Men." " Aye! says *Bates*,
 " Your Honour is very gracious. 'Tis
 " in vain to write home, the Doctor
 " of the Parish rules the Family and
 " hates the Colour of your Cloth. Be-
 " sides, I have no Opinion that I should
 " behave well with a Commission
 " bought by Interest or Money. I'll
 " gain one by my Merit ; if not, die
 " privately, and tell it boldly on my
 " Tomb ; which will be some Satisfac-
 " tion, tho' not to myself, yet to those
 " brave but slighted Comrades, who
 read

“ read or hear it red, as that shall hap-
 “ pen. I have repeated that of General
 “ *Joshua Guest*, in *Westminster Abby*,
 “ a hundred Times; not to myself
 “ only, but to Passers by. — Leave me
 “ to my Fate; take me but in your
 “ Company and I shall be happy: I
 “ love the Life, and if Study will make
 “ me great I will be so.” The Cap-
 “ tain smiled and said, “ *There was a*
 “ *Time!*” I don’t know whether he
 did not, as *Shakespear* says, *play the*
Woman a Moment, for he had been
 disappointed, and seen many Friends
 much more so: If he wept it was for
 them — therefore I’ll believe he did. —
 The Captain now ask’d if I wanted any
 Money; but if I then did, not never to
 want again while he had any: And
 added, “ If you’ll be a little expert
 “ with your Firelock I’ll make you a
 “ Corporal in few Days; it will displease,
 “ but you deserve it. — Adieu! am go-
 “ ing to write to my Sister, and will
 “ mention you.” *Bates* walk’d now
 on feather’d Feet, and the Recruits as-
 sembling

fembling below he joined them; and so amazingly performed his Duty, that they all said he had been a Soldier before; and one Mulberry-nos'd Fellow whispered his Comrade, to read the Daily Papers, wishing first he could read himself, for this Youth is certainly a Deserter, says he; as I am the *Schoolard*, says *Rammer*, and *find* Reading, I'll have two-thirds of the Reward. — Agreed. — Thus in a Day's Time was this Youth beset by Spies, not with a View to benefit the Service, but, like all Informers, to serve themselves; — and thrive on his Overthrow. Such is the World!



The Should be (44) though other-
wife the Badge of the Footman, ston-
ce



He laugh-
ed at God and Wished was
immediately found to be nobler and

CHAP. V.

*There is a Tide, in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to
Fortune. Says Shakespear.
And Bates now thought so.*

***** SUPPOSE him at once in the
S Rank of Corporal; and this
***** quick Rise being in less than
a Month, seemed a Presage
of future Glory. It was no displeasing
Sight to him the first Day to read his
Name in Orders, that *Ephraim Tris-
tram Bates* was to be obey'd as Corpo-
ral: He could but look on himself as
one of the Fortunate, and often repeat-
ed the Distich so much to his Purpose.

*The Lucky have whole Hours, and those
they use,
Th' Unlucky have but Moments, them
they loose. The*

The Shoulder-knot, though otherwise the Badge of the Footman, at once was become glorious, and he took some Pains to spread it, so as that Part of it fell before him as he walked. He laughed at Gold and Silver — Worsted was immediately found to be nobler and more honourable. The Pleasure of being admitted at all Times to Officers' Rooms was great, and if any News was stirring, *Bates*, they said, was sly, but knew all. This pleased him, as, indeed, it does most People when they are or are not, to be *thought* of Consequence. The Rank of Corporal, the Favour of the Grenadier Captain, and the Whispers of his Family and Estate which he had quitted for the Glory of Arms, began to make Envy stop her Hisses; and, as they now found him too strongly rivitted in Favour and Fortune to be unhing'd or remov'd, they one and all said, he deserv'd to be Corporal; the Man was born a Soldier:— An *Irishman* who had been his greatest Persecutor said, “ *Bates* has so much “ of

“ of a Soldier, that, by my Faith, if he
 “ run away like a Coward he would
 “ be a brave Soldier still, and the E-
 “ nemy dare not front him ; nay, I
 “ know so much of him already, that
 “ he would stare the Devil in the Face
 “ though his Back was towards him.
 “ By Heav’ns, I saw him one Day beat
 “ a Fellow so, for only meaning to be
 “ impudent, that he spit Blood out of
 “ his Nose, Ears and Eyes. Whoever
 “ says *Bates* is a Coward must fight
 “ me, if *Bates* refuses to fight him.”

A *Scotch* Comrade said, In gud Truth
 I’m glad to ha Maester *Bates* our Cor-
 poral. I was afraid of ha’ing my Coun-
 tryman *Joany Crauford* sett over us : I
 canna lik a North Briton should ha Au-
 thority. *Bates* smiled, and recollected
 the Fable, and Fables serve us through
 Life, where the same Breath warmed
 a Man’s Fingers and cooled his Broth,
 as *Æscp* will tell you at large. Jea-
 lousies and Envies now politically sub-
 sided, and that was all *Bates* expected.

But

But if his Joy was so great in being Corporal, how must he be affected when on the sudden Death of *Cartridge*, by drinking a Quart of Gin at a Draught for a Wager, he was advanced to Sergeant within 6 Months from his inlisting. *Betsey* often occurred to his Mind, and he wished for a Repetition of that Ceremony which had made him so fortunate. *Bates* now wore Ruffles and the Sword of a Gentleman, which the Captain good-naturedly gave him with this pretty Hint of *Shakespear*.

*Beware of getting into Quarrels, but being in,
Bear it that th' Opposer may beware of thee.*

You must imagine his Joy—no Words can paint it. He knew it would vex *Dr. Cassock*, and he contrived he should know it. The Parson would now fain have truckled, but *Bates's* Spirit was superior to all that. No, no,
says

says he! What, occasional Conformists. If Drums were once pleasing, now they were charming; for he could make them beat whenever and as long as he pleased. The Ladies now, for even they raise their Smiles to the Rank of the Party, so much as they would have it pass for love only, paid him Respect; and as he sung and occasionally played a Flute, *Bates* frequently got Access to them. His Amours, whether in Obedience to *Betsey's* Request at the Ceremony of Sprinkling, or whether from a natural Taciturnity, were such, that they never transpired, though I have heard him say without mentioning Names, and even then a little in Liquor, that once in a single Family he gallanted with the Mistress, the Lodger and the Maid, so very dextrously that, far from suspecting him, they courted for one another. His Amours may be the Subject of future Books. We shall confine ourselves to more weighty Affairs. Love, says *Bates*, is the Daughter

ter of Idleness, but the Mother of Disquietude. Besides, his Country's Service called him a Recruiting, now, which gave him more real Joy, than an Intrigue to a needy Officer with a rich doating Alderman's Wife.



C

CHAP.



CH A P. VI.

*Great Souls, 'tis true, but peep out once
an Age ——— says Pope.*


B *ATES* had the Service so
 at Heart, that, besides the ge-
 neral Allowance for Inlisting,
 he often added some of his
 private Stock, for when he left home
 he took his own Silver Tankard and
 sold it (and he was not ashamed, for he
 had frequent Precedents in his Memory
 of the Kind, that Officers in Foreign
 Services, particularly the *French*, a-
 mong which Marshal *Bellisfe* was a late
 Instance, at *Prague*, had done the same)
 rather than lose a Man who would do
 Honour to his Regiment. “ Self-love,
 “ says he, I have often read, and firm-
 “ ly believe and feel it now, is the
 “ Spring of all our Actions. In serving
 “ the

“ the Regiment I shall serve myself.
 “ The private Officers will mention it
 “ to the Field-Officers; they to the
 “ reviewing General, when he comes,
 “ and he to the King and Council, per-
 “ haps; and they will of Course, for
 “ they must be ashamed to do otherwise,
 “ say to one another, what is his Name?
 “ The Fellow must have a Soldier-like
 “ Soul to spend his own little Fortune,
 “ and hazard the losing of a consider-
 “ able one, merely for his Country and
 “ a Love of Arms: I’ll take his Name
 “ down, though ’tis such a particular
 “ one, I can never forget it, — and so
 “ they say all.” — *Bates* often fell into
 such Reveries; and whenever he read
 in News-papers, which he never failed
 to remember, how Officers abroad were
 rewarded from the Royal Hand with a
 Sword set with Jewels, a Star of some
 Order, or the like, he never doubted
 but he should be that Person at home.
 After nine Months, and seeing the Hu-
 mours of a travelling Life for the first
 Time, the Particulars of which would

please some and tire others, so that we leave them for another Work, he joined the Regiment with forty-four Recruits; not one of whom but nobly past even the Approbation of those who would have wished *Bates* not to have flourished so well. But Envy was overpowered by Truth, and so made a Merit, as the World too often do when they cannot disserve you, of approving, assisting, or at least standing Neuter. The noble Captain of Grenadiers, who, by *Bates's* Vigilance and Diligence was made so Happy, gave him, with that Smile, which I believe will hang on him even in Death, a Shagreen Watch set in Gold. A Token of School-friendship, and a poor Reward, says he, for your Services; but it will tell the Time of the Day, for Minutes are precious to Men of Learning and Genius. I hope you will find more powerful Friends: — If they have but the same Inclinations 'twill be well. — This Watch, after faithfully being worn by *Bates*, and amidst many and strange

Di-

Distresses never having quitted his Fob, to answer any Necessities of his own, (though once he lost Sight of it a few Days to assist an Officer's Widow to bury her Husband) is by his Will returned to the kind Donor. And may it ever tell him the exact Minute of his Happiness and Good-fortune when I am no more!

The Watch, the Halbert and other Circumstances of Affection from the Captain, for base Minds have no Idea of a benevolent Heart, merely for the Pleasure of being so, occasioned some odd Whispers at Quarters, *Bates* being rather handsome and fair than manly. But some Proofs of the Captain's Love and Tenderneſs for the Female Sex in Quarters, very soon brush'd away all Suspensions. *Bates* now had Leisure, and his Mind being at Ease by the Countenance of all the Officers, for nothing renders the Mind so as a Certainty of Approbation, and nothing takes up more Time than making firm Friends, sent to *London* for his Books of *Algebra*

Fluxions, his Instruments and a small Cohorn, which with Difficulty he had purchased when he went Recruiting. With these, late and early, he was laying up a Magazine of Knowledge, which he said, poor Man, must sometime *or other* be wanted. Several of the Subalterns, who I believe had bought in, took a Pleasure in interrupting him, and, perhaps, from a known Maxim that what we do not understand we despise, and what we can't do of ourselves with no one else could. — What says *Pope*?

supply'd,
And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride.

But the Captain of Grenadiers, who for the Future we will call Captain *Merit*, would often steal away, even from a fresh *Gazette*, and say, with all Modesty, “Come, *Bates*! I'm not ashamed to accept Knowledge from any Man; my Studies have been of another Kind.” And so they would

re-

retire to some Hill where Books, and the Prospect of Nature, would alternately fill up their Day. So, says the Divine *Milton*,
Others, apart, sate on a Hill retir'd.

Capt. *Merit* would often ask him, “ how he succeeded so well in Recruiting.” And added — “ sure you did not learn of *Cartridge*.” “ No, Sir,” says he, I scorn a Lie; ’tis beneath a Soldier. — I told them the plain Truth, — and having seen your Method of Behaviour to Mankind in general, I try’d to imitate you, though very awkwardly: Sir, I never trap’d any Man in his Drink, but left it to themselves how to act next Day. Had I recruited for *America* they should have known the whole Secret; or was there a Chance of their being us’d as Marines, *Bates* would have said so. — ’Tis Mean to deceive. — Indeed, I answered too much, perhaps, for our Betters; for I said, if they would trust to *Merit*,
 C 4 “ they

“ they would, *assuredly*, be rewarded.
 “ Did I say too much? I hope not! I
 “ have not been deceived by the Great
 “ hitherto.” “ You have known none,
 “ says *Merit*.” “ Yes, Sir, I have
 “ known *you*. If Goodness makes a
 “ great Man you are the Greatest.”
 “ Thank Heav’n, says *Merit*, that we
 “ are distant from the Town, for they
 “ would think I had done these very
 “ Trifles for you, merely to hear the
 “ Echo of them. No, Serjeant! am
 “ glad I could make you Happy, and
 “ wish the same Spirit may reign a-
 “ mong my Betters, when your Merits
 “ are known. But Prithee tell me how
 “ you recruited so many fine Fellows.”
 “ Why, Sir, I ventured to answer for
 “ you. — Flattering again. — No in-
 “ deed, Sir, I don’t — But certainly
 “ your Behaviour, badly as the Part
 “ was acted by me, gained me all. In
 “ Places where a standing Army seem-
 “ ed odious, as at *Worcester, Gloucester,*
 “ *Shrewsbury*, I succeeded. And I re-
 “ member, at a public House in *Glou-*
 “ *cester*—

“ *cestershire*, in a certain Village where
 “ the Church is much visited for the
 “ Sake of its painted Glafs, half a Do-
 “ zen Trades-people rose from the Set-
 “ tle and took their Hats at Sight of
 “ me. I had the Art to recall them,
 “ and having soon employed each in
 “ his different Way, not one would
 “ accept a Farthing at parting: I was
 “ shav’d, cobled, taylor’d *Gratis*; and the
 “ other three being a Butcher, the Clerk
 “ of the Parish, and a Gentleman’s
 “ Gardiner, I met with no less Favour
 “ from them. I din’d with the first,
 “ often saw the Church, and the Gar-
 “ dens near the Church, *Gratis* too.
 “ Nay, brought off 5 Recruits —
 “ what they are you know. I say no
 “ more.” Thus Time went on often
 mingled with Experiments in Mathe-
 matics and common Converse — What
 a heav’nly Life, for me, compared to that
 of Subalterns, whose whole Bliss consists
 in very coarse Intrigue, Power, and ill
 adapted Drefs. One Evening the Sun,
 as my fav’rite *Milton* says, was

Shorn of his Beams,

And the benevolent Capt. Merit said,
 " 'tis too soon to go to Quarters ; —
 " let us enjoy the Evening and this
 " Scene of Nature." It was near a
 Water-mill. Descriptions are needless,
 for I scarce ever saw one that was not a
 Place of elegant Retirement in warm
 Weather worthy the most Curious. *Me-*
rit began, " I have Letters from *Lon-*
don which I think I ought in Honour
 " to inform you of, — our Regiment, I
 " hear, will be broke soon." — " Not
 " for Cowardice, or want of Discipline,
 " says *Bates*, I'll answer, at least, for
 " our Grenadier Company." " No, says
 " *Merit*, but 'tis esteemed Right to do
 " so. — I never wish'd it an old Regi-
 " ment 'till now, and that for your
 " Sake, * * * * *
 " * * * I am tired of the Life. A slight
 " Opposition of my Uncle's in * * * * *
 " has twice 'thwarted my View for the
 " Lieutenant Colonel-ship; and I think
 " unless a Man has the Rank of a Field-
 " Officer

“ Officer by 30 Years of Age, the Ser-
 “ vice and the Way of Life are very
 “ paltry. I’m only in Pain for you.”
 “ Leave me, which was his common
 “ Expression, to my Fate, says *Bates* ;
 “ but, pray, how could any little Error
 “ of your Uncle, affect you : — I don’t
 “ understand how the **** have to
 “ do with Officers, and their rising or
 “ falling.” “ I’ll tell you, says *Merit*, —
 “ and to give you a Hint of your fav’rite
 “ *Milton* in Return for yours, I will
 “ say,

*And Day is not yet spent. You see,
 How subt’ly to detain thee, I contrive.*

Aye; and, says *Bates*, I can truly say
 with him,

With thee conversing I forget all Time.

“ I beg Pardon, Captain, but could not
 “ help it. — Pray, Sir, proceed — Why
 “ then, for we are alone here, when
 “ an Officer is to be advanced, or first
 “ appointed, the Man in Pow’r, * *
 “ * * * * * for
 “ one

“ *one* generally Rules the rest, is bet-
 “ ter pleas’d when the Candidate has
 “ Merit, which I will call for the Fu-
 “ ture Military Knowledge; tho’ it will
 “ do without. But Merit is so pleasing
 “ in the Eye of the World, that the
 “ Officer and Man of Power, what-
 “ ever private Agreement is between
 “ them, exult publicly when it hap-
 “ pens so, and drum it in the Ears of
 “ the World. Your Family are first
 “ inquired into, not for their Antiqui-
 “ ty, Honour, or Dignity, but whether
 “ they have ever opposed certain
 “ Schemes above, * * * * *
 “ * * * * * here a Whisper
 “ ensued, though a Mile from Town;
 “ *Merit*, by Practice, having learn’d a
 “ Habit of Prudence even in the open
 “ Air and among Friends, and which
 “ Whisper may be guess’d at. — You
 “ must always, if you have a Freehold,
 “ which I hear you have, approve of
 “ that Member sent down to you from,
 “ * * * * * (Whisper again,)
 “ * * * * * or else your Name
 “ is

" is mark'd and 'tis Difficult, in the
 " Professions of Law, Church or Ar-
 " my, ever to get the Blot out. —
 " They have Alphabetical Books, I
 " know the World, with the Letters
 " B. G. fix'd to the Names of People, so
 " that at first Sight they know how to
 " act : — Well ! supposing you Vote,"
 " Aye ! but, says *Bates*, they shall ne-
 " ver make me Vote against my Con-
 " science." — " Well, more of that ano-
 " ther Time, * * * * *
 " (Whisper again,) * * * * * why do
 " you know, says *Merit*, that even
 " I, in the disposing of such a Trifle as
 " one of my Halberts, was even for-
 " bid giving it to you, because of your
 " Father's Behaviour at, * * * * *
 " (Whisper again) * * * * *
 " but am determin'd to quit the
 " Service, and so will be no Slave.
 " You have it, and I wish it would
 " continue to you ; — but what I
 " suspect is, that we shall all be set a-
 " float. — And now tell me, for we
 " shall soon be divided, and then it
 " may

" may be out of my Power to serve you,
 " what Plan of Life, for these Orders
 " are very sudden and peremptory even
 " to save a single Day's Pay, will you
 " follow?" *Bates*, recovering himself,
 said, " I will entirely take your Ad-
 " vice." Then, with a Sigh, " Ah! my
 " Hopes are blasted. Forgive me, but
 " I must out with it ---

*This is the State of Man --- to Day he
 puts forth*

*The tender Leaves of Hope, to morrow
 Blossoms." ---*

And so went through the Whole with
 Voice and Action, second to one only,
 who is truly first of this or any Age. ---

" I would fain, says *Bates*, so eager
 " am I to learn the Profession, go into
 " a Foreign Service." " They are all
 " now at Peace, says *Merit*, and I
 " would not advice any Man I lov'd
 " to enter the Service of our Enemies,
 " the *French*; though from those, even
 " in Peace, there is much to be learned.

" They

“ They have Military Schools, and
 “ make a Science of War, by which
 “ they will in Time conquer all the
 “ World.” --- “ All but *Great Britain*,
 “ says *Bates*, for they never shall ma-
 “ ster that, I answer for one only,
 “ while this Sword of yours is tru-
 “ sty, and this Arm can grasp it. —
 “ Why, I think ; — but let us walk,
 “ it grows chilly, and you have not
 “ been well lately. — How tender, and
 “ what an Heart ! My Chamber is a
 “ very private one, at Quarters, divid-
 “ ed from the Stairs by my Dining-
 “ room. There you will find me. It
 “ will pass for regimental Business, if
 “ you bring your Books of Orders with
 “ you.” They parted at the Swing-
 Gate, *Bates* begging the Captain not to
 let him walk into Town so close, least
 Jealousies, (for *Bates* was a Friend to
 Harmony among all his Comrades) as
 he said, should be rais’d in the Garrison;
 for now every Thing was Military in
 his Eye.

CHAP. VII.

 *B*ATES had often, even on the Route with his young Recruits, given them such a Thirst for military Glory, that on the Road, tired as they, sometimes, were with the Day's March, *Bates* would contrive an Ambuscade, or divide his Men into two Columns, as he calls them, and by sending one of them a different Road, so manage it, that they should meet, take to their Arms, and a Mock-fight us'd to ensue. Being often whispered by his Genius, as he called him, that one of these Days he should be a general Officer, he early made it a Rule, not to embezzle the least Penny of the Royal Money, or squander Money's Worth if it belong'd to the Crown. It was to avoid such a Character, as little Things appear against us when

when we are Great, by the Rule of Envy, that he always used his own Powder: For the Sound of small Arms was so pleasing to him, next to Artillery, that he would rather baulk himself of a hot Supper, after the Fatigue of the Day, than have your childish dumb firing, as he called it. They may as well, says he, present Broomsticks. ---- 'Tis not the Thing. --- No, no, I'll have it compleat, or not at all. He was pleased when he past by Print-shops in *London*, to see those of General Officers resting on a Cannon, and never would at home or abroad sit on a Chair, if a Drum could be got for Love or Money. He often expressed great Dislike at the Mezzotinto of a certain great Officer, * in Armour, with his Lady in the same Paper. “ 'Tis
 “ beneath a Soldier, says he, to be lolling with them: --- In their Way I
 “ honour them. --- But *Mark Anthony*
 “ lost the greatest Victory (that of the
 “ whole World) by quitting his Post
 “ of Glory, for an inglorious Woman.

“ --- I
 * General C—b—e.

“ --- I believe and have read, she was
 “ pretty. --- But what then? a Flesh
 “ Wound in a visible Part will draw
 “ more Eyes than all the Vermillion
 “ Lady *** can boast of, or the Teeth
 “ of the Countess of ***, which the
 “ very ingenious and ingenuous Mr.
 “ L — y will honestly acknowledge too
 “ perfect to be improved.”

Bates, tho’ his Voice was sweet and
 more adapted to Love or Pastoral Bal-
 lads, would never be prevailed on to ob-
 blige his Company that Way : --- But,
 ask him, or not ask him, for *Britons*
strike home, To Arms, To Arms, &c.
 and Songs of that Kind, and they were
 at his Tongue’s End. He had as little
 Jealousy or Envy in his Temper as any
 Man ; and yet coming to a certain In-
 land Town once, where a Serjeant was
 recruiting for the *Royal, the King’s own*
Regiment, and so forth, as he puffed it
 away, and pointing to his blue Facings
 and Lining, he laugh’d a little at *Bates’s*
Trimmings, compared to his own ; and
 ask’d the Opinion of the Country Lads
 who

who stood next him, who, one and all,
 cry'd *Yes! no Comparison.* Bates said he
 could not stand it, but chang'd his Quar-
 ters that Day, tho' it was a forc'd March as
 he call'd it, to the next Town; but telling
 his Recruits the Reason, they caught the
 Flame of Jealousy too, and chearfully o-
 beyed his Request to decamp, tho' pri-
 vately wishing their Regiment had been
royal too. Bates often on the March would
 buy the *Oxford, Salisbury, or Gloucester*
 Journal, as he happened to meet with
 them at Quarters or on the Road; and
 sometimes reading that such a Day died
 General such-a-one aged 91, who serv'd
 in all the Wars under the Duke of *Marl-*
borough, he would say, with a Sigh, --
 " Ah! *there's one the less.* " 'Twas
 " Pity he died in any Bed but the Bed
 " of Honour. I would sooner have
 " the green Earth-sod over my Breast,
 " than all that the Chissel of that most
 " ingenious Artist Mr. *Rysbrack* could
 " fashion over me. I once read an Ode
 " to the Memory of one Col. *Ross*, slain
 " at the Battle of *Fontenoy*; and tho' I
 " read

" read it but once, can I ever forget it?

" One Stanza is ever uppermost in my

" Memory:

The warlike Dead of ev'ry Age,

Who fill the fair-recording Page,

Shall leave their wonted Rest;

And, half-reclining on his Spear,

Each wond'ring Chief by Turns appear

To hail the blooming Guest.

" He was young, but old in Honour.

" May I have such a Bard when my

" Debt to *Old England* is paid : And I

" shall pity those who think to be im-

" mortal by lying in ridiculous State ;

" having a Train of black (but not

" mourning Coaches, for I remember

" a certain Dean to have said, and I

" believe with Truth, that there was

" no really merry Hearts but in

" Mourning) Coaches, an expensive

" Tomb, and Trophies over it they, nor

" their Ancestors, never merited." ----

Thus *Bates* would amuse himself on

his Drum-head ; and to keep the Mi-

litary

litary the more, often roasting some Game, he killed in the March, on the Rammer of a Fire-lock, lighting the Fire with a Flash from his Pan; and, after Supper, picking his Teeth with a Bayonet --- his Answer to any impertinent Fellow was always at Hand, --- *C'est en Militaire*; --- “ and, says he, “ very justly, what Money I have to “ spare goes in Powder for the Service. “ I am content. --- And, like *Brutus*,

Can raise no Money by vile Means.

*I Gods! I had rather pawn my Soul,
And drop my Blood for Drachmas,
Than wring from the hard Hands of
Peasants,
Their vile Trash by any Indirection.*



 C H A P. VIII.

*Now came still Evening on, and Twilight
 grey,
 Had in her sober Livery all Things clad.*

 W H E N *Bates*, having shook all
 his Company by the Hand,
 which was his Method at Sun-
 rise and Sun-set, went up to
 the Captain's Apartment, the Time be-
 ing come; where, after the necessary
 Things were brought in for the Even-
 ing's Entertainment, more philosophi-
 cal than luxurious, which was exactly
 to *Bates's* Palate, who never drank
 much or eat Suppers, as it prevented
 his Studies in the Morning, they sat
 down, and, like *Milton's* Angels,

Quaff'd Immortality and Joy. —

And being sure of not being interrupted,
 the Magazines, as *Bates* said, being sup-
 plied,

plied, the Discourse went on where it broke off at the Mill. “ ’Tis too true, “ says the Captain, what I suspected. “ We are to be smash’d; I grieve for “ you and the Expence you have been “ at privately, which, I fear, will ne- “ ver be consider’d. A bare thanky “ will be all at parting. They will say, “ *well done thou good Servant*; * * * “ * * * * * and “ there will stop short. But since you “ are so kind to solicit and accept my “ Advice, I will as freely give it you, “ as you can ask it. After the Rank “ of a Serjeant, (this pleased *Bates*,) “ you can never chuse to be lower. A “ private Centinel in the Guards, is a “ poor Station: — I would fill up my “ Time, for there will be War soon, “ depend on it, with pursuing your “ Studies, and, to get Subsistence, “ would certainly accept the Place of “ Valet de Chambre, or House-steward “ to some ingenious Man in your own “ Way, whose Apparatus will improve “ you, *Gratis*. Who will know it? “ You

“ You will be maintained like a Scholar
 “ without Care, which Students should
 “ never know; and if a War breaks
 “ out, I will, * * * * *
 “ * * * for I’m going to retire to build
 “ on a little Estate I have News of
 “ being left me, where, like *Cincinnatus*,
 “ your fav’rite Character, I will
 “ Plow, --- but fight for my *Country*
 “ if my *Country* calls me.” *Bates* was
 too manly not to receive any ill News
 with a Smile, especially when delivered
 from such oratorical Lips as the
 Captain’s: And Supper being over they
 parted. A few Days convinced *Bates*
 of what he suspected: The Regiment
 assembled and was broke. The Speech
 the Captain made to his Grenadiers, was
 worthy of a *Roman* General. And *Bates*,
 after he went, left such an Impression
 on their Minds, together with their
 Captain, that, I believe, no Memory
 can recollect a more affecting Sight.
Bates, who loved, and often, read
Shakespear, told them in *Brutus’s*
 Words, that, if ever they met again, ---
They’d

————— They'd smile indeed;
 If not, --- why then this Parting was
 well made.

Bates, having behaved well for three Years, the Time of the Regiment standing imagined it must have reach'd home, and would give Pleasure to them to see their *prodigal* Son, as they called him, returned. If I am broke, says he, for now he spoke a little *French*, *C'est la Fortune de la Guerre*, I'll go and face *Cassock*, *Sponge* and *Sedentary*; besides, if they slight me, I have some more Plate and Moveables, my own Property, which I'll take away; it will serve upon a *March*. Away he goes. Suppose him arrived. Knock, and it shall (*not*) be open'd, for he had been descried the Length of the Common, and the old Folks, as he says, spoke through the *Ambrafures*. Failing here, he went to *Cassock's* House---clos'd: --- But a pert *Oxford* Scholar, his old Comrade, and who was once a Parlour-boarder

D

boarder to *Cassock*, and now on a Visit in Vacation, began, in the Name of the whole Village, to *roast* away. --- Well! A Gentleman's Son turn'd to a Serjeant of *Feet*. --- 'Tis not *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, though 'tis an odd Metamorphosis. --- I forgave this Crime in him of punning, because he was come from the *Spring-head* of those Idlenesses. ---

" What, says he, had you *walk'd* to
 " Day you would have had blister'd
 " Feet, but as you *march'd*, I suppose
 " you bear it Soldier-like: And, why?
 " Because you have no Money to *ride*;
 " ha, ha, ha! --- Well! where now?
 " You sleep at the *Grasshopper Bagnio*,
 " I suppose, to shew your military Ge-
 " nius, for want of a soft Bed tho' Eh!"

Bates, seeing him unarm'd, scorn'd to attack him, as a Man, and having flipt off his Sword, which was slung over his Shoulder short for marching with more Ease, he took him in his Arms, and having carried him a few Yards, unbutton'd his Breeches, and oh! dreadful to relate! whip'd him with Nettles,

fles, at ev'ry Lash repeating this Line,
 --- very slow --- *Qui Color albus erat
 nunc est Contrarius albo.* ---- " Now,
 " says *Bates*, tho' I am not *Art's Ma-*
 " *ster*, I am A---e Master. I think
 " my Pun, in Return for your Meta-
 " morphosis, has a *Sting* in the Tale---
 " your's was rather blunt." And now
 it came to pass, that Mr. *Paradox* did
 not sit other than Edge-ways for some
 Weeks afterwards. — Not only despair-
 ing of any Favour now, but even expect-
 ing the most bitter Persecution from this
 Quarter, *Bates* regirded on his Sword,
 drank a Pint of Ale at the *Crooked-Bil-*
let and *Tobacco-roll*, with his old Friend
Kilderkin, told the Story, where it is
 repeated to this Day, set the Folks a
 Laughing, and then march'd for *Lon-*
don with the Letter of Recommenda-
 tion Capt. *Merit* had kindly given him ;
 every now and then recollecting the odd
 Position Mr. *Paradox* must sit in, and
 smiling to think how dangerous it is to
 depend on Classcal Parts, without the
 least Tint of Good-manners. You will

find *Bates* not of a cruel Temper in any Part of his Life but this, for the Ladies said — *Why did he use stinging Nettles, of all Things?* — Why? that Mr. *Paradox* might remember the Better. And, it is said, he never has, or will forget it — but vents in his very Sermons great Venom against Soldiers and their licentious Behaviour, Cruelty and Blood Thirstiness; which *Bates* and all true Soldiers says — “ Is a Tale told by an Idiot — full of Sound and Fury, signifying Nothing.”





C H A P. IX.

 B *****

 ATEs, now being his own
 Master, was determined to
 see a little more of that Life
 he only peep'd at in Recruit-
 ing, so made his Way, with all Speed,
 for the Head of the *Severn*, his fav'rite
 River. Tracing that glorious Channel up
 to it's Spring-head was no very mean Part
 of his Study: "Because, says he, my
 " Friend *Shakespear* mentions the *Se-*
 " *vern*. — That will repay the Fatigue
 " of going (for observe, now, being
 " broke he did not *March*, tho' Mr. *Pa-*
 " *radox* was pleas'd to say so) if 'tis on-
 " ly to speak *Hotspurs's* Speech on the
 " very Banks." Here he tried it, but
 it would not do; it was not in Charac-
 ter yet by 100 Miles.

His Cloaths, being disbanded, he
 now thought rather a Satire on him
 than otherwise, as the Country-fellows

are too glad of any occasion to humble a *proud* Soldier. Therefore he determined to change, and finding a foolish Follow, who ardently wanted a Red-coat, he agreed on his giving him a plain frock Suit to resign the *royal* Apparel, now his own. — Agreed. — Imagine the Corporal, or Serjeant, now in a brown Habiliment, ready to pass *Incog*. After much greeting they parted, and *Bates* set off with *Pistoll's* Motto.

Si fortune me tormento, spera me contento.

The first Traveller he join'd was an itinerant Taylor, who perceiving *Bates* to slide two or three Times, took up the End of his 5 Feet Pole, and said, " I thought so; — no Ferrele ! Here, " let us set down a Moment and I'll " put on one of my Thimbles: — You " shall never *slide* afterwards." — This was the Case; and, to this Day, I feel the Reason of what he advanced: — The Thimble being not quite push'd home it gripes the Ground, and gives

a sure footing. This honest Fellow, at Night, finding out *Bates* had been a Soldier, said, “ before we part (for I love a Soldier) let me shew my Love. “ I will repair you *Gratis*.” *Bates*, luckily, wanted nothing, but was pleased to find such Generosity in a Stranger, and in a Country where Scarlet was rather a disagreeable Colour. This convinces me that ’tis the proud Behaviour of the Army in general that raises Indignation, not the Profession.

Bates very soon found, now, the Truth of the Name of a certain Comedy call’d, *Wit without Money* : for take one Day with another ’till he arrived in *London*, he scarce ever paid for any Thing but his Bed. — “ Sir, says a good Woman, “ at *Hereford* (who practised a little in “ *Surgery* besides lodging Travellers) “ pardon my Freedom, but you seem “ to have liv’d well, and are not what “ you seem. ’Tis a sad Thing to be “ hungry on the Road ; — ev’ry Spring “ can quench your Thirst tho’ not raise “ your Spirits like good Ale. But suppose

D 4

“ you

“ you are hungry, — do, put a Slice of
 “ that in your Pocket, here’s Paper for
 “ you, and God bless you.” I went a
 100 Miles in search of such an Heart,
 and might go twice as far before I
 could find such an other. *Bates*, wil-
 ling to converse with ev’ry one going
 the same Road, now overtook a Sow-
 gelder. The Fellow was drole and
 gen’rous. *Bates* called him Dr. *Che-*
selden, sometimes, which almost af-
 fronted him, for he said he imagined
Bates was joking him, and that there
 was as much Skill in cutting his Patients,
 for so he called the Pigs, as Mr. *Che-*
selden’s. The Fracas was soon healed
 up, and they travelled together many
 Days: The Pig Operator at ev’ry Place
 ordering out the best each House could
 afford for his Traveller, before he would
 touch a Patient. After near a Week
 they parted at *Worcester*. Not a Gen-
 tleman’s House or Gardens escaped
Bates. He did not believe the World
 had been as he found it — Such a Mix-
 ture of Trick and Generosity in the
 same

same Day, carried on with the same Features, as made *Bates* at last fix it within himself, that the Face was little more than a Masque; and that Life was a continued and unchanging *Masquerade*. Need he tell you that more than once, by his not gratifying the Curiosity of his several Questioners, but playing *Archer* with them, and answering ambiguously, he was suspected, nay, apprehended for a Spy, a *Romish* Priest, &c. &c. &c.? — *Bates* smiled, knowing his *Letters* would always clear him and the Point in Question; --- but was amaz'd to find Minds so narrow as to suspect ev'ry one not the Produce of their own Town or Neighbourhood. One Day he overtook a Genius in a sleeveless Waistcoat--- "Whence come you," says *Bates*? "From *England's* great City" replies he. "A Wit," says *Bates*. --- "Aye!" "Master, *sharp's* the Word. --- I'm a "Knife Grinder." --- "Where's your "Equipage?" "Mortgaged, without "Equity of Redemption, in *London*." --- "A Lawyer too," says *Bates* —

“ Yes, I have been, and am all Trades.
 “ I ply’d in the *Temple* once with a
 “ Ticket” — “ But, where now ?”
 “ To *Gloucester*, for Work” — “ Have
 “ you Money,” says *Bates* ? — “ E-
 “ nough to carry me there, and to
 “ spare; for I hate to enter a Place
 “ like a Scrub. — I had a Shilling when
 “ I left *London*; here’s half of it, still.”
 “ Why, how did you live?” “ Ah !
 “ Master, says he, you are young !
 “ but, to travel cheap, ever chuse the
 “ Autumn : The Blackberries are Ripe
 “ on ev’ry Hedge; the Country’s alive;
 “ all making Cyder, Cheese, or at
 “ Harvest home. I get in among
 “ them some how or other, by Hook
 “ or by Crook — Coming from *London*
 “ they bite at the *Marvellous*, of which I
 “ have enough. It must be a bad Din-
 “ ner, or Supper, that won’t allow for
 “ a Supernumerary.” — “ But, when
 “ you’re tir’d, what do you do?” “ Creep
 “ in at the Tale of a Waggon; some-
 “ times, with Leave; sometimes, with-
 “ out — If he looks furly I never ask,
 “ hating your Refusals. — If I am caught,
 “ and

“ and the Driver Bullies, I get out, run
 “ off, and never thank him: So, we are
 “ even, you know.” — “ But, where
 “ do you sleep,” says *Bates*? “ I never
 “ know, says he. I grow tir’d, and find
 “ myself somewhere in the Morning :
 “ — But a Cow chewing her Cud is no
 “ bad Barrack.” “ What, a Soldier,
 “ says he, too” — “ Aye, Master,
 “ lately broke.” *Bates* gave him a Shil-
 ling, which the Fellow tossing up, and
 catching with a Smack, — cried —
 ‘*twill do*; which was his Way of saying
thanky. “ Mind your P’s and your Q’s,
 “ and always travel in the Autumn. —
 “ Away for *Gloucester*.---Brother Fire-
 “ lock---Huzza, I wish I am not robb’d
 “ tho’!” *Bates* found Dr. *Cassocks* in
 ev’ry County, Men who by their Pro-
 fession are set apart for Meekness, For-
 giveness and Humanity — Quite — *But*,
 says he, *they know no better*. After some
 Months rambling, during the sweet
 Months of *May* and *June*, which of-
 ten, at Evening, put him in Mind of
*Richard III*d, where

*The Ripe Harvest of the new mown Hay,
Gives us a sweet and wholesome Odour.*

He got safe as far as *Abington*. *Bates*, from some Frugality and more Hospitality, was now rich, and being determined to enter *London* like a Gentleman, for knowing himself to be a *reduced* Serjeant, he thought ev'ry Body who saw him knew the same, and at the Post-house when he went to rest, he desired the Landlord to give him Intelligence of the first return'd Carriage for *London*. Early he was waked with News of a *burial* Equipage, as he wish'd. He snatched some Breakfast, and enter'd a Coach where Mrs. *Betty*, and Mr. *Thomas*, were on the Fume to guess the Legacy they were to meet with on opening the Will of my Lady, when they got to *London*. Not a single Word about her Virtues, but whether at her Death, they were in Favour or no. Thus the Day past 'till we were arrived at the Bell at *Henley*. Old *Colliflower*, with his Coat and Waistcoat open, as usual, receiv'd us. The Cordial went round freely

to

to us, what would have been denied to their Masters and Mistresses, wishing the Servants at ev'ry Glass good Luck in the Will, for bare *Service* was no Inheritance. The Coachman of the Herse was rough and cruel. His Postilion often ill used by him. But the Boy was sensible and revenged himself: For at dead of Night, he slip'd down Stairs and unpinn'd the Door of the Herse, and let fly all the Cocks and Hens the Coachman had bought on the Road to sell in *London*. --- Some were lost, and Nobody suspected the Author. --- But this may serve to inform the ever-gentle Reader, that as solemn as a Herse goes to a Burial, the Contents are always different on the Return. --- Not dead Bodies! living ones: --- Good Sheep, Geese, Pigs and Turkies, not unworthy the Spit of even *Q---n's Kitchen*. *Bates* said to himself, — this Boy has *Stratagem* — I wish his Friends would breed him a Soldier: Could I find them out, I'd --- the Lad has a *Head-piece*, which Officers should, always, have --- and, indeed, I never hear to the Contrary.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

*Tow' red Cities please us then,
And the busy Hum of Men.*

✻✻✻ LONDON's a fine City, says
✻✻✻ L Bates, on his arrival ; --- fix
✻✻✻ but on a Coffee-house, and
Nobody asks where you lodge
or how you diet. --- How different is a
Country Town ! They immediately be-
sieve your Laundress to know how ma-
ny Shirts you have, and whether Body
and Sleeves are of the same Cloth ; or
why you have not as many Neckcloths
as Shirts ; this, when known, vexes,
not for the Thing itself, but that there
should be such narrow-minded *Animals*
there.

Bates lay at an Inn, and was going
to give the Maid two-pence for the Bed,
as in the Country, when she said, " 'tis

" a

“ a Shilling for the lying alone ; two
 “ Shillings ; at least, Double, even tho’ it
 “ is your *Spouse*. Otherwise we should
 “ have plenty of *Wedding-matters*
 “ ev’ry Night, the Half-pence are my
 “ *Parquasy*.” This Stroke was not un-
 lucky, for it made *Bates* look Sharp for
 a Place which he fortunately heard of,
 and secured it for next Day. The Wea-
 ther was fine, so he was determined to
 save the same Expence he had last Night
 met with ; and walk’d all Night ’till
 he was so tired, that he, by Permission,
 got into a Sedan Chair and slept well ;
Teague, whom he suspects had stole
 many a Pair of Curtains and Cushions
 himself, having first dismantled the
 Machine of all those Moveables. Morn-
 ing approaches, and the Description
 given by *Dr. Swift*, was uppermost a-
 while, ’till other Objects drove them
 off. Away he goes to *Scotland Yard*
 to his future Master, being order’d to
 attend very early. He was * * *
 * * * * *
 of the Ordinance. After the usual In-
 quiries,

quires, his Master said, " The Letter
 " you brought mentions your having
 " great Skill in the Mathematics, par-
 " ticularly Gunnery and Fortification ;
 " I will talk with you on that Head in
 " a Day or two. — Stay here. — You
 " are in my Service — am going to
 " *Woolwich*. — When you are settled
 " I'll take you, we have a good deal
 " of Business to Day : A Dinner giv'n
 " by some Iron-masters in *Suffex*, and
 " a tight Bottle, as usual ; *Business* e-
 " nough. — To-morrow I'll talk fur-
 " ther." — Away he drove, and with
 such State of Equipage, that not a
 Man-servant, but your very humble
 Servant, was left behind. This was
 Lucky. " Now, says I, after having
 " been idle a good while, I'll pass one
 " Day at least in Study." — The House-
 keeper bid me go and examine all the
 Rooms that I might be familiar with
 them against To-morrow. " But, says
 " she, my Master generally sits in his
 " Library all the Morning. That Bell,
 " you'll soon know the Sound, calls
 " you, and you are not to go all round

“ as we do now to get there, but here at
 “ that Pannel-door.” Pleas’d, I said
 Nothing, but watch’d her Exit and fly-
 ly enter’d the Study. But,
Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!

To my Surprize, instead of Globes,
 Quadrants, Theodolites, &c. &c. &c.
 I found only a Set of *Spectators*, *Ro-*
chester, *Joseph Andrews*, some occasi-
 onal Pamphlets, and *Bland’s* Military
 Discipline. --- *Bates*, here, rubb’d his
 Hands, for Joy --- but, on taking it up,
 Oh! indignant Reader! the first Leaf
 was only *uncut*! so that he was forc’d to
 peep at the Letters, as if looking up a
 Chimney --- for, says he, if I cut the
 Leaves my Master will know it. How-
 ever, thinks I, his Library may be at
Woolwich where his Business lies, I’ll
 wait ’till I go there. To make up
 for this Disappointment, the Cover, or
 Envelope, of my Letters, which were
 6 in Number, address’d to different
 People of Fashion by my noble mind-
 ed Captain, which I was on the Brink
 of

of destroying as waste Paper, was a Letter to myself from him. --- Oh! how sweetly the Day past off! I read it again and again. Shall I gratify my Reader? I will. --- For sure it must be a Gratification to any humane Mind.

S I R,

THE Letters inclosed, to half a Dozen Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, are sufficient to give you Footing in *London*, in the Way, you were so kind to approve of from me. As all the Persons are on the *Spot*, you can't be long unemployed, and hope you will not. Excuse the Liberty I still pursue you with; but Inclination to serve very often occasions a *seemingly* supercilious Freedom. This is not the Case, you know, with me; I would advise you, as *many* of our Officers are wanting in those Sciences you so amazingly excel in, never to let your Plans go out of your Hands. In Action they will *claim* the Merit of them, and to continue that Notion to the Public

lic never *reftore* them to you. They will promife you to lay them before *this* or *that* noble Perfonage; but you had better wait 'till you can do it yourfelf. Preferve your Health and your Honour, and tho' you are not *rich*, you'll be refpected, at leaft by one. My Houfe fhall always be a Retreat for Men of Letters and Merit, even tho' their Fortunes have been and are, more untoward than your own. In Hopes of your well-doing, and that you may the better obtain it, in Hopes of your frequent Correspondence, to let me know how you go on in every Plan you propofe,

I am, &c.

I lived fome Months with this noble Mafter of mine, and never heard him fay a fingle Word about what I long'd he would. --- I was amazed. --- At laft he faid, " If you'll leave your *Drawing-Books* with me, I'll contrive they *fhall be fhewn to your Advantage.*" — How lucky it was I had read my dear Captain's Letter! I fhould otherwife perhaps have

have been cheated of all my Labours. --- I soon found Means to beg a Discharge, let my Friend in the Country know all, and found a Place in a Week that seemed to promise better. It was a Physician at *Reading*, who really knew the Mathematics well, and had a fine *Apparatus*. An Accident, and a strange one, blasted all my Hopes here. In a few Days we were sent for, at Midnight, to a Patient some Miles off. Had I had a Friend to let me into my Master's *real* Temper, I might have staid Years with him. He was passionate, and, unlike passionate People, never forgave. He said, when we set off, " *Bates*, you'll " take Care of all the *Necessaries*, and " the *Lanthorn*." Away we went; and, in a very boggy Lane, the Doctor flung a *Somerset*, and I, endeavouring to save him, fell too, lost the *Lanthorn*, and out it went. However, I found him in the Ditch, and ask'd him, if he was hurt; he said he should soon know, and bid me strike a Light. --- Little did I think a Flint, Steel, and Tinder were the
the

the *Necessaries* he meant. ----- High Words ensued. --- He said, " I might " have known it if I would ; --- every " Child in *Reading* knew his Method of " Night-travelling." And so we parted. — My next, for I was not long out of Place, was a *reverend* Dean. I took Pains to enquire his real Character, to prevent Mistakes again, and found that he lov'd a *Jest* better than the *Pulpit*. Oh! says *Bates*, I'm your Man there. I had not then learn'd the Truth of that Maxim, that *Wits love Fools, for Fools give them an Edge*. One Morning being to preach, he lay a-bed, and when he saw me, said, " *Bates*, give me the " Sermon I preach'd last Week : --- " 'Twill do again, I'm too late to *vamp* " it." " Aye, says *Bates*, the *Charge* " is good ; but won't you put in fresh " *Priming* ?" He never forgave me! grew cooler and cooler, which I could not bear, so we parted, and I can guess no other Reason. I try'd many others. — An old maiden Lady and I (whose Brother had been a great Mathematical

cal Instrument Maker, and she continued the Business, which I thought a lucky Hit for me, was it only to examine the Apparatus) divided, because her Cats were *unmaided*, as she said, (with her Lips clos'd like the Neck of a dry Bladder) thro' a nasty, poison, odious Cat I had let into the House by my Carelessness, if not Design.

My few Things which I demanded at *Shaftesbury* when I last went there, by a Note left there with *Kilderkin* at the *Billet*, being arrived, I turned them into Money, and having little Occasion, as I shall shew hereafter, for any Thing but Pocket-Money, I was resolv'd to have my Hours to myself--- Study, and live independant! When my Money is gone, and I touch the Canvass of the Bag, I can get Places, or inlist; — at present I'll be happy.—What says *Pope*?

*The starving Chymist, 'midst his golden Views,
Supremely blest, — the Poet in his Muse.*

Now I'm a Gentleman at large again.

C H A P.



C H A P. XI.

* * * * * *ATES*, as he said, wanted
 * *B* * little but Pocket-Money: He
 * * * * * visited, after hard Hours of
 Study, the Daughters of Pastry
 Cooks, eating Houses, &c. and was
 so amiable as always to be invited into
 the back Room ---- where, as soon as
 he heard the Cue, “ *Just draw the Cur-*
 “ *tain, noble Captain,*” (for he was a
 Gentleman now) he was sure some
 Thing good was *ascending* from the
 Kitchen. It was the Case. And old
Flower-Face, who in the 'fore Part of
 the Shop one Minute was wrangling
 about the Price of stale Pies, to itinerant
 Pastry-folks, would now step backwards
 and *twirl* a Ladle as well as his Betters.
 A Desert of the very best was always at
 Hand; and Miss, for the Sake of a Song,
 the *German Flute*, or a marvellous Sto-
 ry,

ry, would add a Dish of Tea from her own *Pekin* Chest, given by a dear Mate of an *India-man*. *Bates* has condescended to know a good House-keeper in a Nobleman's Family; who, baiting their Insolence and ill Usage of Inferiors (in your *Hearing* always,) are convenient Acquaintance enough. A Milliner made and repaired his Shirts. Mrs. *Beaver*, the Hatter's Widow, gave him a Hat, now and then, saying, " You'll defend us, " noble Captain! and valiant Commander! particularly if the *French* " *Papishes* make an *Evasion* here." ---- But, when he most piqued himself on his Oeconomy, he joined Converse with a *North Briton*, on a Seat in the Park, who endeavour'd to convince *Bates* that he was an extravagant Fellow; and that if he would allot one Day to walk with him he would shew him the Town, and would prove it. " Do you make me " believe, says *Gordon* (which was his " Name) that these Pastry Cooks' " Daughters don't make you take them " to Plays, or some of the fiddling " Gardens

“Gardens about *London*?” The Day
 was appointed, and they *marched*.
Bates’s Sleeve soon gave him to under-
 stand that he had pass’d a Barber’s Boy.
 “Hang him, says *Bates*, let’s step home
 “and get brush’d.” For they had not
 walk’d far. “No; says *Gordon*, I’ll
 “show you what I mean, by this lit-
 “tle Instance: You may live in *Lon-*
 “*don*, *Gratis*.” Upon this he crosses
 the Way, to a Shop where various
 Brushes exhibited themselves, and, ta-
 king up one, said, “Don’t you see,
 “now --- ’tis exactly as I said. The
 “Hair is too *elastic*; they never clean
 “the Coat, --- but buy it, if you like
 “it.”--- On hearing the Word *buy*, the
 Master bolted from his back Room,
 and swearing that his Brushes were made
 by the best Workmen in *London*, said,
 “Sir, You have some Powder on your
 “Sleeve, give me Leave,”---and brush-
 ed him. *Gordon* making believe he saw
 some Body he knew, slip’d away, and
Bates, o’course, followed. When *Gor-*
don said, “You see, it cost Nothing.

E

--- Do

“ — Do you find yourself dry? sink in
 “ to a Cyder-Cellar. — Don’t Com-
 “ mend too soon, at first, and he’ll for
 “ his own Sake give you many Sam-
 “ ples: Sputter out the first two or
 “ three Tastes, and you may drink
 “ afterwards *unobserved*. There are
 “ some who will call for a Relisher,
 “ and bring a Bottle of the best. In
 “ cold Weather ev’ry Distiller’s can
 “ give you a Dram. — Cheapen and
 “ the Rascals bite at *once*. Hopes of
 “ Profit will do what Good-nature can-
 “ not. We have a Language among
 “ ourselves too, which I’ll teach you
 “ one of these Days. — Now, for In-
 “ stance, to *book* a Breakfast. — Go a-
 “ bout that Time of the Day to any
 “ Tradesman’s, (but well dress’d tho’,
 “ or you may *book* in vain, for Dress
 “ governs all) and wherever you descry
 “ the octagon Table in the back Shop
 “ set out with proper Ornaments, Py-
 “ ramids of Toast and a smoaking Tea-
 “ kettle, stay and cheapen Goods (you
 “ need never buy) with the old Fellow
 “ ’till

“ ’till he (you’ll know it by hearing
 “ the Pipes of his Stomach) grows im-
 “ patient for his Corn ; then, fearing
 “ he may lose you as a Customer, he
 “ takes you in his Hand, and lo! your
 “ Business is done ; the Rest lies on
 “ yourself. — Commend the China,
 “ have the Patience to hear Miss sing,
 “ or play *Belfize* Minuet on the Harpsi-
 “ chord (with every other String broke,
 “ and mended with Whip-cord) or
 “ dance in the back Yard, for Want of
 “ a large Room, and, perhaps, you
 “ may stay Dinner. I have often known
 “ it happen so. Tradesmen’s Wives
 “ generally Rule. If she asks that’s
 “ enough. — Mind not his acid Looks.
 “ But never practise this twice in the
 “ same Street ; for tho’ the Masters hate
 “ one another, there is generally a
 “ Communication among their idle and
 “ impudent Apprentices, and that will
 “ spoil all. For the Apprentice, tho’
 “ he may hate his Master, hates a Gen-
 “ tleman worse (that is a Man not in
 “ some Trade;) and he will tell it,

“ not to please him so much as to mis-
 “ chieve you. *Angling for a Guinea* is
 “ too tedious a Story and must be put
 “ in Writing. --- I’ll do it for you at
 “ my Leisure. --- Use them as they
 “ would use you. A Cheesemonger is no
 “ *bad* Subject to operate on. You have
 “ a Right to ask for a Crust of Bread,
 “ and so forth.” *Bates* had too much
 Spirit to admire this Plan of Operations,
 and so, pleading unexpected Business,
 they parted. But *Gordon*, at a Distance,
 could not help (being upper-most in
 his Thoughts) crying out *Don’t forget*
the Cyder Cellar and the Cheesemonger’s.





C H A P. XII.

 *BATES* knowing that any Spring which is not supplied must one Time or other be dry, began to think, that though the Day might be far off at the cheap Rate he lived, yet there *would* be Time to end his Purse, as he was not in the Way of replenishing it; and so takes it in his Head to turn *Author*. His Genius for Poetry was admirable. 'Tis very unusual for Men of abstract Studies ever to give Way to Fancy, yet so it was they united in *Bates*. He offer'd two different Performances to a Bookseller, who highly commended them, expecting *Bates* as a Yonker meant them *Gratis*, but being undeceived, said, as to the first which was Algebraical there was little Demand for such Things, — but few Readers in that Way — not a general Study — and as to the latter, he fear-

ed he should lose by it, if he printed it
 himself, and that he, Mr. *Title-page*, had
 done with those Things; "having suf-
 fer'd, says he, in regard to young Authors,
 more than ever he would be willing to
 do again:" — Had a Regard for Men of
 Genius — wish'd he was a *Mæcenas* in
 Wealth, as he was in Inclination.
 "But, says he, Fame is your Pursuit,
 "as it brings you *tête à tête* with the
 "Great: — I'll put it into my Maga-
 "zine, or I'll publish it for you on
 "your own Account. 'Tis a bad
 "Trade to live by, and hope you are
 "better advis'd and provided, — But,
 "— and then whisper'd. * * * * *
 " * * * * * If you are
 "distress'd in *London* and will translate
 "I'll pay you on the Nail, and then
 "you'll be on my List. I have now a
 "Vacancy by (what we call) the *sudden*
 "Death of a poor *Irish* Gentleman,
 "who would not live though he might.
 "— 'Tis no Secret as 'tis in the Sessions
 "Paper. --- The Room behind my
 "Yard is quite private --- I have near
 " 30

“ 30 on my List. There is at any Hour
 “ of the Day something, and a Knife
 “ at Hand : --- To Day --- *Monday* ---
 “ Ay! To-day 'tis cold Suet-pudding
 “ with Plumbs (being *Easter* Holidays)
 “ To-morrow, Firmitty; I have horn
 “ or wooden Spoons, (which you like
 “ best, Choice is a great Matter, you
 “ know) --- for I lost a Silver one once.
 “ The other Days always something so-
 “ lid and heartning. Then there's a Pen
 “ and Ink and Paper at Hand. I have
 “ Physicians, Surgeons, and young A-
 “ pothecaries, on my List, so *Illness* is
 “ included. Who will know where
 “ you din'd? 'Tis easy to invent a
 “ Place and a Lord's Name. Many a
 “ young Physician has banquetted there
 “ that now drives by my Door and
 “ tries to splash me and my Windows.
 “ But I have done my Part, you know.
 “ Shall I put you down? The Return
 “ I expect is only this, a *Simile* --- an
 “ Epigram for the public Paper I am
 “ concerned in, or a Paragraph rather
 “ leaning to the Ministry than not,
 E 4 “ though

“ though my Paper has the Name of
 “ impartial.”

Bates smiled at the Fate of Authors in general; but, like most Authors, thought his Fortune would be particular from the Rest and gave him his Poem, or rather Ballad, to print, on his own Account, Price 6d. It was accordingly printed.

*And how agreeably surpriz'd,
 Are you to see it advertiz'd?*

Says the *Dean* --- and what follows?

*The Hawker shews you one in print,
 As fresh as Farthings from the Mint.*

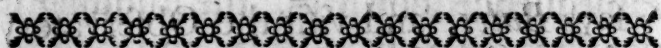
Bates saw it frequently lying at Pamphlet and Booksellers Shops, and often called for. “ Well! says he --- I
 “ won't settle yet with my Publisher.
 “ Let it thicken a little --- let it ga-
 “ ther.” Upon this he bespoke new Cloaths. ’Twas well *Bates* had a Reserve of another Kind, for, Lo! at
 set-

settling, the Bookseller, for Advertisements, printing and Paper, brought poor *Bates* in Debt two Guineas. But told him, there were many Copies left. " Shall I send them home? We clear
 " our Shops as soon as possible. They
 " should not be expos'd too long, it
 " makes them cheap, by keeping them
 " snug you may have a Guinea per-
 " haps for a single Copy, when they
 " seem out of Print. I hope you'll be
 " better off another Time. You are
 " on my List." " Pray, says *Bates*,
 " and with a Design which will appear
 " anon, what is that *Chalk-score* on
 " the Wainscot? Milk, for the Gen-
 " tlemen?" " No, no, Sir, Money
 " in Advance to Authors on the Spot.
 " I can't book such Trifles --- those
 " are Shillings, those Six-pences." *Bates*
 seeing his Back turned, to go down
 Stairs, now first began his Revenge, and
 with a wet Finger rub'd out some Tri-
 fles, knowing the Marks, to the Emo-
 lument of Authors unknown to him,
 and therefore the Favour more sweet. ---

Title-Page returns --- and resuming the old Discourse --- “ that Nobody had better pump Water or more of it ; that
 “ from the Day an Author made him a
 “ good Title-Page to a bad Book, he
 “ drank good 6 Shilling Beer all that
 “ Week.” *Bates* took his Leave and
 and a Receipt --- and the first Time he
 ever lost his Temper was now --- for
 he said, “ you are a Shop-lifter, not a
 “ Shop-keeper, drinking Claret at your
 “ Country-house out of the Back-part
 “ of Author’s Skulls. Catch me, if
 “ you can again. You’ll find Customers
 “ enough for your Ordinary.”
 And then privately recollecting that he
 knew a Man with a huge Stomach,
 thought it better to punish him a second
 Time that Way, than abuse him. He
 accordingly sent him, a *Highlander* born,
 (now a Rector in *Surrey*, obtained by
 betraying his Country’s and his Friends
 most intimate Secrets. Thus, when the
 Doors and common Avenues to Preferment
 are clos’d, some scale the Walls —
 often succeed — and sometimes break
 their

their Neck in the Attempt.) But the Consequence soon was, the Pudding is ever since giv'n out in Slices, and the Firmitty in Earthen-pans (so like Chamber-pots, good Lord!) to the great, very great Disappointment of *Bates*, who wish'd to plump his bony *Highlander* and others after him, and revenge himself on the Ruin of *Title-Page*.





C H A P. XIII.


BATES, full of Fancy, was determin'd to know as much of Life as possible. He had often heard of Things which he was determin'd to see in Proof. " I can, says he, when the Sinews are flack always make a Lodgment somewhere. — I'll study Gunnery and Fortification all the Morning, for that I must and shall live by, but be my own Governor all the Rest of the Day; But this no longer than I can find a Master with those Abilities and that Knowledge I want. I hope it won't be long! By being out in the wide World I shall have a better Chance. I have try'd the Register's Office to no Purpose. They have had some Shillings of mine *for Nothing*. But, I'll keep the Rest for
 " bet-

“ better Uses. I’ll go to *Greenwich*,
 “ says *Bates*, and visit the Observatory
 “ there. Dr. **** is benevolent to
 “ Strangers, I’m told, particularly to
 “ those who lean to his own Studies :
 “ But, at least I shall see the Place and
 “ the Country ; — and the Humours
 “ of the People leading to it.” A Study
Bates now grew no less fond of than
 Mathematics. In *Grace-Church-street*
 he forc’d a Passage, as he call’d it, the
 Driver being absent, into a Coach, which
 he could not Mistake, having read the
 Name of the Place, in *Roman Capitals*,
 on the Door. The Cavalry form’d a
 Triangle, and in a little Time our
 Chain-braces gingled away as if going
 to set off soon. — We did, and with
 our Compliment of Six, besides the
 Appendages of Children Twain, a Lap-
 dog and a Cat as a present from *Mun-*
dungus, (the Tobacconist) a Passenger,
 to his Godson : — There were two Rea-
 sons for this famous Gift. --- It cost
 Nothing, and in the next Place the Ha-
 rangues he was to make, and did make,
 to

to us about *Whittington* and his Successes from a Cat, were to vail the old Fellow's Avarice in not giving something better. " It was not, say he, for
 " fear of Expence that he carried him
 " Nothing better, but young Folks intended for Trade, should always have
 " Hints for Industry. And this Cat
 " will be a perpetual one as long as
 " the History of *Whittington* remains." A very little Way beyond *Kent-street*, *Mundungus*, who had secured the Coachman to stop and do as he pleas'd, just ask'd the Company " if they would give
 " him Leave to call half a Moment to
 " ask his Brother how he did, and to
 " foul a Morning Plate (a strange Expression to *Bates's* delicate Ears, who
 " thought he meant discharging rather
 " than replenishing, but it grew familiar to him by frequent Jaunts into
 " the City) for he wanted Refreshment." Yes, yes. And *Bates* undertook to prevail on the most Obstinate. The Brother had fin'd for Sheriff, --- was a Man of *Taste*, in that Part
 of

of the World ; his being close to the Road, the Flow'r-pots with gilded Handles, --- green Sticks with Silver Caps (to Shrubs long since wither'd)--- the Pavement to his front Door dotted Marble, wash'd ev'ry half Hour, Honey-suckles and their Attendants, Insects, round all the Windows. A Bell on the Top of the House, as deep as unhappy *Juliet's*, to summons two Servants and a Half (the Footman as they stile him being but 11 Years old) to Dinner, if they should be out of call, the Garden being $\frac{1}{8}$ of an Acre, Birds dangling in golden Cages (because the Country never affords any.) Are not these Proofs of *Taste* ? for they cost Money --- And can any Thing go beyond Gold ? A King can ornament no higher. *Mundungus* got out with his Back to the Company (I see *Bates* smile) and tacking about invited the Company, who roughly refus'd ; whisp'ring almost as loud as common Talk, that they had where withal to eat and drink at home, and not sponge on their Neighbours:---
Be-

Besides, they had enough in their Pockets to last the Journey out, if not they could buy; and so fate still, as they thought it would be but a Minute; when, Oh! dreadful to relate, an Accident keeps them an Hour. It was the first Time *Mundungus* had seen the Country that Year, being, as they call it, a Man who minded the main Chance, and that only; he was struck at entering the Gate with the Sight of a noble Sun-flow'r, and thinking the larger the Flow'r, the higher the Flavour, he fatally finell'd at it — I say fatally — for a Wasp, says *Bates*, who lay in the *De-filez* fallied out and seizing his right Nostril, the left by a Plug of Pig-tail affording no Entrance, set him a dancing, so that ev'ry one present, who, at the Distance they were, could not tell the Reason, were criticising on his nimble (though aukward) Capers, imagining it was for Joy of seeing his Brother. — Getting of proper Remedies delay'd them near an Hour, which created almost another Accident as bad, for a Green-Grocer's Wife in the Corner fainted

fainted for want of Food. The Griskin she had bought, by a Hole in her Pocket, being not to be found, and having order'd Dinner precisely at 12, and for that very Reason her last Breakfast was early about 10, whereas "now it would be full one, says she, before I can foul my Plate." *Bates*, with Snuff and some Hartshorn which he had about him (for he said it provok'd thinking) endeavour'd to raise her, --- in vain! --- she pointed to her Stomach, "Oh! "No --- 'Tis here, ye Dogs, ye Dogs! " (she meant ye Gods) -- 'tis here." Now the Secret was known, when a discerning Friend who had often felt himself, kindly felt for her — *He* had prudently victualled for the Voyage, short as it was, but in the Eye of Experience, as *Accidences* often happen, perhaps, a long one, as he wisely said, --- and then pulled out a Tongue, a Roll, and flat Bottle, and *Mrs. Broccoli*, by placing it near her quickest Sense, revived at once; but ask'd, if Nobody in the Coach had any Mustard about them.

Upon

Upon the answer, No, going round, she
 said, then they could not be Christians:
 " Had you read the Chapter of the Sa-
 " *maritan* ever, you would had ev'ry
 " Thing about you." After being re-
 fresh'd with two Thirds of a decent Neat's
 Tongue, she return'd Thanks (not to
 Providence as good Children are taught,
 but) to the Person; said he had sav'd
 her Life, begg'd to know where he
 liv'd, that she was bound to pray for
 him; when he told her he had the
 Honour to be the City Cook, and an
 Esq; by Virtue of his Preferment, which
 was as much as to say, ev'ry Body knows
 me there. " My Name, indeed, is
 " *Stuffing*, though my Name is of little
 " or no Signification; all *London* knows
 " me by the Stile and Title of *City*
 " *Cook*." Elated, she begg'd they might
 be better acquainted, and settle a
 Friendship for Life. We hear, since,
 they did, and as he was curious in his
 Roots and Greens, on the Principle of
 City Friendship, it is not unlikely.
 Madam Broccoli, the Rest of the Jour-
 ney,

ney, for fear of a Return of her dang'rous Disorder, now kept chewing behind her Handkerchief, like a Hackney-horse at his Stand with a Bag ty'd to his Head, 'till the Coach stop'd at *Greenwich*, when issuing forth she told her Man, who bolted out from the Boot, never to leave home again without a roasted Line of Mutton in her Portmanteau and a quartern Loaf, --- " as you will answer it at your Peril, you cruel hard-hearted forgetful Dog." And then Mrs. *Braccoli*, dipping by Way of Courtesy, concluded with a most indelicate but fashionable Proverb there — *scratch my Elbow, Mr. City Cook, Esq; and I'll claw you know what, and you know where.* They soon arrived at the Inn, where *Bates* retir'd after frequent Invitations to fowl a Plate, even from the *City Cook*, and Esquire, who before they divided, said, *that* was only one of his Titles, for he was a Common-Council Man besides, and expected to be Deputy, " for my Neice " is married to the Alderman of the " Ward (I don't speak it out of Ostentation)

“ tation) and o’ Course he will not suf-
 “ fer the *Dignity* to go out of his Fa-
 “ mily.” “ Mr. *City Cook*, then, Esq;
 “ Mr. *Common-Council Man*, and, I
 “ hope to say, *Deputy*, (aloud) I’m
 “ your obliged *Servant*:” --- Then to
 himself, he us’d *Hamlet’s Words*,

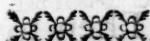
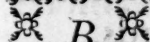
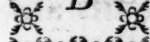
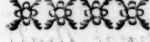
You, as your Business and Desires shall
prompt you,
For ev’ry Man has Business and Desires,
such as they are,
And for my own poor Part ———

I’ll to the Park. ———





C H A P. XIV.


A*TES* is arrived at the learned

B Master's of the Observatory,

 and little Thought of finding

 there a Colonel in the Guards
 very eager after the noble Sciences. He
 is of a *Durham* Family ---- the elder
 Brother a Baronet. --- Such Men as these,
 says *Bates*, (for he now found by a lit-
 tle Inquiry that this Officer came down
 daily, with a View of Improvement)
 should go Ambassadors abroad, and do
 Honour to the Country who sends them.
 But I suppose he wants a *Title*, or rather
Interest, somewhere.

Bates, who had long'd for such a
 Master, made no Scruple of asking him
 " If he stood in Need of a Domestic?"
 then shewed his Credentials, and told
 his History. The Colonel, who thro'
 Life (assisted with a Fortune and Per-
 son

son to secure every Pleasure which Nature offers) has often declared, no Joy was like that of rewarding Merit and doing good Offices, told *Bates* at once he would receive him as a Friend, but, as he was going a Journey to the North, should not take him along with him, but leave him rather to get his Books and Apparatus in Order, against his Return; “and I fear, says he, good-naturedly, “you will find my *Penates* much deranged.” ---- Nothing could happen more *a propos*; and the Colonel also knew Capt. *Merit* and his Virtues: — What a lucky Turn? They set off for *London*, after the proper Lectures were finished, *Bates* going in the Chaise with him, and not losing a Moment to improve himself and shew his own Abilities. *Bates’s* Observations how to attack or defend the City of *London*, as they drove by the different Avenues, help’d on the Minute-hand of Time, which otherwise, perhaps, by the frequent Stoppages and Vexations, would have gone heavily on; for no Gentleman can be pleased

pleased to be interrupted by ev'ry Drayman or Pig-driver, (which, as they approached *London*, was often the Case) and yet in a Country where all Freedom is said to be lost, this at least remains. — They arrive at the Colonel's House. — The few Days he remained in Town were past much in entertaining his brother Officers : —

But no more like my Colonel than I to Hercules.

Bates, who stood behind his Master's Chair, and with a Smile was always whispered to for what was wanted, was often surprized to hear the Discourse of Gentlemen so near the Fountain of all Honour and Rank in the Profession, never speaking any Thing that he could improve by. If Amours were not the Subject, which generally was the Case, it was what each Person's Commission cost; whether it was cheap or dear, as the Market then was. — And so on. — But *Bates* smiled one Day when

when a Gentleman, too fond of Argument, said to Capt. *Vacuum* (that was his odd Name) "I deny your Major." The Captain said, "I wish I was Major — am only *Lieutenant*, — but I rank with any Captain of a *Marching* Regiment — *Horse, Foot or Dragoons*, demme !" — Yet purchasing seemed the chief Discourse.

It much affected *Bates*, "for, says he, whatever Tricks People may play distant from a Court, in Hopes of being concealed ; here one should think every Man would be personally known by mounting Guard daily at a Palace, and that Merit must make its Way. — Distant, in Country Quarters, no Wonder Mis-representations happen. Well, Time will shew ! and am sure my Good-natured Colonel will, at his best Leisure, explain any Thing and every Thing, as well from his general Humanity, as his Friendship for my all-worthy Capt. *Merit* : " Whom he soon wrote to in my Favour ; — and that he was
happy

happy in being second to him in protecting an honest and *ingenious* Man, for so he was pleased to stile me.

One Day after passing thro' a Lecture of Experiments, wherein he condescended greatly in list'ning to my weak Arguments, he told me, he thought, in any Country but this, that I stood fair to be a great Officer, (then mentioned Names of some, now, very old Officers, who had rose by Merit *only*). “ Sure,
 “ says he, it can't be always so! I'll do
 “ all I can: You shall stay with me as
 “ long as you will, in the Capacity
 “ you are; but I can now secure you a
 “ Life-guard-man's Post, which is much
 “ about the same *Rank* you had before.
 “ (The Word *Rank* made *Bates's* Blood
 “ thrill.) By this Means, you will see
 “ the Nature of Horse Discipline, be employed, live without Expence, and be
 “ more in the Way of Preferment. You
 “ may still visit me, and visit me independantly, which will be more pleasing
 “ to us both, at least to me. — These
 “ Places are generally sold, among
 F “ Friends,

“ Friends, for 50 or 60 *l.* but it shall
 “ not cost you a Farthing.” “ I thank
 “ you, Sir, said *Bates*, nor would I
 “ accept it if it had, tho’, perhaps, you,
 “ yourself, would have laid the Money
 “ down for me.” “ So far, says the
 “ Colonel, you are clear; for ’tis a
 “ Friend of mine pays me the Compli-
 “ ment.” “ I will rise by my Merit,
 “ says *Bates*, yet; and have a Con-
 “ tempt for all Purchasers, but those
 “ who purchase by *spilling their Blood*
 “ for their Country, or *good Behaviour*
 “ in private Life at home.” The Day
 arrives for the Colonel to depart, who,
 genteelly, gave *Bates* a Purse of 20
 Guineas, Letters to the Colonel of the
 Troop he was to ride in, and Orders to
 the Servants to let him have the Range
 of his House whenever he came. -----
Bates is puzzled, sometimes, to deter-
 mine which of the two Officers, the
 Colonel, or the Captain in the Country,
 was the most amiable. — At last he joins
 them with a Line of *Milton’s* :

Ah!

*Ab! when meet, now, such Pairs, in
Honour join'd?*

**The Colonel departs for the North.
Bates, to the Troop.**



Person was so easy of Access, so liberal of his Instruction in the Science of Horsemanship, and so pleasing in his Manner of bestowing it, that *Bates* rode the first Day of joining his Troop equal to Mr. *Demy-Peak*, the *Pedant*, when there, who pretended, because he was not taught by himself, that he had no *Seat*. *Bates* smiled at this Fellow, and, without his Aid, past a Review in less than a Month. The Park, and the Duty about the most Royal Family that ever fill'd a Throne, join'd to the fine Habit (for he owns some little Pleasure there, having wore a plain brown Frock a good while) made *Bates* very Happy. The first Day he was *orderly* in the Guard-room at St. *James's*, he could not help laughing aloud at the *Alms-Women*, as he ever after call'd the old Fellows there; who, because they are allow'd to wear their Caps and be cover'd before the King, think they have a Right to be rude and insolent to all the World besides. *Bates* was reading a Book of *Algebra* there one Day, when

it was soon whisper'd by some of these
 Petticoat Driv'lers, " that the Army
 " would absolutely come to nothing ;
 " that they supposed the young Fellow
 " there, astride the *Form*, afraid, per-
 " haps, to ride any other Horse, had
 " been a *Fortune-teller* in his Time,
 " by his Devil's Book, and having
 " pick'd up Money (by betraying young
 " Girls to Ruin, in telling them a For-
 " tune which he had Instructions from
 " their Lover to give in exactly as they
 " unwarily wish'd) now must be a Sol-
 " dier, forsooth, and a Life-guard-man
 " too ! The ****'s Life is too precious
 " to be guarded by such Fellows ; ---
 " if he must be a Soldier, or (in other
 " Words) wear *Scarlet*, why did he not
 " conceal himself in the *Marines*? 'Egad
 " we shall smoak him out here ; this is
 " not a Place for your Bites and your
 " Shamrokins, none but Gentlemen
 " should be near the Court." And from
 that Day their Joy and Business was to
 run him down, --- compare Notes in
 what he talk'd; --- open his Letters, ---
 and

and Cross-examine any one that came after him if he was not in the Way. *Bates* smiled, and taking great Pains to find out the Merits of these his several boasting Antagonists, he found the principal one to have been a noted Bruiser on a public Stage; a Second was, on a Scrutiny, Part-owner, Joint-trader, and Tapster to a Vinegar Shop: Another din'd People at Two-pence a Head in *Liver-lane*, Bread and Small-beer included; — a Fourth was a Merchant of odd Shoes for Men or Women; — the next, let out Wheel-barrows to Fruit-women, and Grindstones to Knife-grinders, and at Times made Wooden-pegs for Shoes and Pan-tiles; a Sixth, turn'd Hats inside-out, and sold them for new ones; as also Silk-stockings fresh dipt, and as rotten as the Seller would wish them after he had touch'd the Cash; because, as he knew the Purchaser would never come again to him, he hated the Trade so, that he was determin'd they should never go to any one else: The next was a Brewer of

Small-beer on a new Recipé without Hops or Malt; — an Eighth made Mops for the Palace, besides keeping a Charcoal and Broom Warehouse in *Kent-street*, and had the Assurance to hang up the Royal Arms at his Door. But this was of Service in the End, for he married a Widow there of 300 Pounds, besides a Tankard and Gold Necklace, because she long'd to wed a Husband who was about the King, which was having a Friend at Court, she said, as also by Way of Contrast to her first Husband, who, Oh! Shame! was a vile Shop-keeper. There was no End of these valiant Gentlemen. Another was Owner of a Troop of Asses, with their Postilions, to gather Kitchen-stuff from Street to Street, and fatted Pigs at *Paddington*. A Tenth, was a Pawn-broker of Coals; he took in *round* ones — but returned *Dust*. He had a good private Trade, too, for Second-hand Coffins, 'till the late Act for giving *Murderers'* Bodies to the Surgeons (*Gratis*) put a Stop to it. And one more, the last I shall trouble you with,

with, kept a small Poulterer's and Fish-
 monger's Shop by Means of a lucky Si-
 tuation not far from the Canal in the
 Park and the Waters Adjacent: Thanks
 to his Friends, the Centinels and those
 idle Folks who are daily feeding the
 Ducks out of Ostentation (or Policy, per-
 haps, like a certain General who threw
 away Bread to make the Enemy believe
 he had more within the Town, when
 it prov'd to be a *Scheme*) which makes
 them so tame, that by baiting a Hook
 with Bread, you may pouch as many
 as you will. *Quel garde du Corps au
 Roi!* " Ah! says Bates, how many
 " brave *Dorsetshire* Fellows do I know,
 " who would watch as long as these
 " Fellows sleep, which is 20 out of the
 " 24 Hours, and wade in Blood if Occa-
 " sion called upon them, for one half
 " of what these Bullet-headed *Dormice*
 " Gain. But I see already the Truth of
 " what my dear Captain told me early,
 " tho' then I could not have believed it
 " --- Advice without Experience, is
 " the bare Map of a Country before you

“ travel over it. He who passes there
 “ must remember it best.” While he
 made this short Soliloquy, a *North Bri-*
ton of the same Corps came up and call-
 ing him aside — whisper’d — “ We
 “ must all pay the Tribute, I was serv’d
 “ just so, because I was not born in
 “ their smoaky City here; but I laugh’d,
 “ as I hope you do. I know what
 “ they want, and be hanged to them,
 “ they would have you come down
 “ with a hot Supper and a good Bowl
 “ of Punch: But don’t be such a Fool.”

Bates, who had been too much us’d
 to Sincerity to suspect a Fraud, thank’d
 him, and invited him to Supper in Re-
 turn at his own Lodgings. *Sucker-*
Pump obey’d, for that was his Name,
 and pretending to know many Secrets
 and Anecdotes of the Great, which
Bates privately wanted to come at cheap
 and soon, to surprize as he did in Arms,
Sucker-Pump discharg’d his own Lodg-
 ing, and, to be nearer him, as he said,
 liv’d with *Bates* near a Month at Bed
 and Board; ev’ry Day finding some
 fresh

fresh History of the Times for hungry *Bates*, as he, poor Man, did Mutton for his more hungry Guest; which Histories he took Minutes of for fear of Mistakes: When, after a Months good living and borrowing five Guineas, for which *Bates*, like a Soldier, would accept no Note, *Bates* found ev'ry Thing he said a devilish Lie, — ask'd him for his Money again, which *Sucker-Pump* not only denied, but even swore aloud he had lent him twice as much. So *Bates* turned him off, with this poor Consolation; that he deserv'd it richly for keeping Company with *Yeomen of the Guard*, and not Soldiers. — Wishing, sometimes, his Godfathers had been Officers, and that his Christian Name had been *Eugene*, *Saxe*, *Cumberland*, or any other great General.



C H A P. XVI.

 B *****

 ATEs, who 'till now had
 met with great Sincerity and
 good Fortune in his Acquain-
 tance, whether it was that
 he breathed the Atmosphere of a
 Court, or that it was the Whim of Ma-
 dam *Fortune* to be a little Giddy, he
 can't tell, but so it was, that, for some
 Months, 'till his Misfortune was clinch-
 ed by *reducing* the Troop, he seem'd
 no Fondling of that sometimes forst'ring
 Goddess. The Colonel and Captain
 both, often told him, a Soldier should
 Intrigue as *high* as possible; that La-
 dies, particularly those of Quality, of-
 ten had Fav'rites in Scarlet, when their
 Eyes were tir'd with the dull Colour
 of their Husband's Cloaths, merely to
 change *Ideas* : — That they had Pow'r
 to raise a Man when they favour'd him;

at least, that they were liberal of their Husband's hardly-earn'd Money, where they lik'd, and those Things were convenient in such a Place as *London*. This was new Doctrine to *Bates*, who had no Notion a Woman cou'd love any one but her Husband, or how a Lady could have any Influence with a Minister while her Husband lived, or that great Man had a Wife of his own, who certainly must have all her Lord and Master had to grant away. It puzzled a-while. Says *Bates*, " I think it rather
 " Mean. But I must rise. — It seems
 " a fair Way! — I'll not Intrigue with
 " her *really*, tho' she may think so. —
 " I have nobler Game in View." —
 But determined to get to the Bottom of this Secret, he took the proper Step, which was (out of Regimentals) to dress like a Gentleman, rather Prudent and Grave than Gaudy and Idle. " My
 " Days, says he, are long. I'll walk
 " with a Book, and if no Adventures
 " happen, I am still improving myself.
 " My Colonel must know Life better
 " than myself--- He would not recom-
 " mend

“ mend any Thing to my Detriment.

“ I’m sure he would not. He is absent,

“ or I would take his exact Instructions.

“ Well ! ’tis but trying — I must have a

“ Friend *in Pow’r*, even to mention my

“ Merits, a Dutches or Countess is no

“ bad Thing. I like the Scheme.”

Walking one Morning, early, in the shrubby Wood of *High-Park*, he saw

a genteel Lady bending down, as he thought, to say an Ejaculation : A *Roman* Catholic, says he, under Penance,

perhaps, ——— ’tis an improper Time

———— I fear : ——— But observing closer, she seem’d to drink something from

a Cup that glitter’d like Gold. A Prize, says *Bates*, --- he approaches ; — and, on

a nearer View, she was, for want of a Cup, sipping Water from the Spring

there (and which I take this Opportunity of recommending to all my Friends

after an Excess) out of her Snuff-box. Conversation soon ensued. *Bates* never

was at a Loss for Tags of Plays and Scraps of Poetry to help on a love Con-

versation ; and so, many Hours past a-
way.

way. At departing, she drop'd her Handkerchief (having first giv'n *Bates* a Pencil-direction to meet her at another Place, and which Paper he carried open 'till he got to an Ink-horn at the Keeper's Lodge, least the Letters should rub out) on which was a Ducal Coronet. " Oh ! *Betsey*, says he, I'll most faithfully remember your Christning Words: It was *to be silent and not cruel to her who is kind to me*—Adieu! " Mathematics"

Omnia Vincit amor, & nos cedamus Amori !

Then (often admiring the fair Hand-writing as he walk'd) he began to think the Colonel's Words true, that *bare Merit might raise you, but it was a slow Way. A Lady at the Elbow of a great Man was a scaling Ladder.* *Bates* now runs home, discharges a Fifteen-penny Lodging, and takes one of half a Guinea a Week, which was no bad one now, being in the Autumn and the
King

King abroad, — that the Dutchess of — he did know what, might find him genteelly situated. — He did not affect great Things, least it should hinder the assisting him early with her Interest; and in the next Place, a Soldier should never be too well lodg'd; — it looks the *petit Maître*, a Character he ever departed from in Dress, Language, Gait, and ev'ry Thing. Well! a Second, a Third, and many Meetings were made Incog. And to make the Affair look more like a great Intrigue, whoever arriv'd first at the Place appointed, was, with a Bit of Chalk (which we both agreed to carry) to give a Mark and walk on. — There was something of Military Design in this, and I lik'd her the better for it. — Little Stratagems of Love often whet the Mind for greater in War. *Bates* often mov'd to have his own Apartment the Place of Rendezvous. — No; — not yet. *Bates* knowing that Trifles from inferior Persons to great Minds are very taking, made some Presents; a China Tooth-pick, and please your

your Grace — not for it's Value or particular Beauty, but I am a Soldier ; —

I freely give and freely would receive.

Bates, by the Dutcheſs's Delay in coming to ſee him, had vaſt Opportunities of improving his Lodgings with little Pictures, Flow'r-pots, Drawings, Buſts, Plaiſter Medallions, and his fav'rite *Shakeſpear*, &c. which he did. — He bought Corni-coppies, and Pappy Maſhy, for his Chimney (as it is ſpelt in the Receipt wrote by an *Alderman* of the City who deals in thoſe Things) and, in ſhort, did ev'ry Thing to receive his noble Gueſt.

— When, Oh! horrible to relate! —

Bates receiv'd a Note from the Dutcheſs, that ſhe was in *Bridewell*; that ſhe had often hired, at certain Shops, Trinkets with Ducal Coronets on them to get an honeſt Livelihood by, but it never answer'd; that on a Suspicion of Theft ſhe was a Priſoner; — beg'd to ſee him, and hop'd he would guard againſt the Tricks of her Sex ever af-

ter;

ter ; which were so various that 'twas impossible to explain them without a Meeting. --- *Bates*, an Enemy to Frauds, said Nothing, only to himself ; --- gave the Bearer a Shilling, to subsist her a Day or two ; but knew he could not bear the Sight of a Person who had once deceived him : --- So went into *Hyde-Park* for Air, but never look'd towards or tasted of the *Castalian Spring*, or believed a *Woman* afterwards ; muttering to himself often, --- as he past by in the same Latitude ———

*What mighty Ills have not been done by
Woman !*





C H A P. XVII.

* * * * * *B* *ATES*, by the King's being
 abroad, had much Leisure, for
 Parties were but seldom —
 “ ’twas *Cleopatra*, cries he,
 “ softned poor *Anthony*. I’ll be too
 “ hard for them; I’ll study, and for-
 “ get them.” But, walking one Day
 in the *Bird-Cage*, he found Part of a
 Letter, concluding thus, “ I will meet
 “ you at the *Fortune-tellers* near * * * *
 “ who shall, by his Skill in Mathe-
 “ matics, settle the Affair.” *Bates*
 wond’ring if the Study could ever be
 turn’d to that Use, one Day went; the
 Doctor was at home, and thinking
Bates was a Customer, was going to
 play off his Part, when *Bates* told him,
 that he had some Skill in the Mathema-
 tics himself, and should be glad to pass
 an Hour to improve one another in the
 Science.

Science. *Bates*, not imagining the Doctor was a *Bite*, and professing a Science, like his old Friend in the *Ordinance*, which he did not understand, took his Slate and set down half a Dozen Algebraical Questions; and, with a Smile of Deference, gave them to him. “ Hang it, says the Doctor, my Head is so “ plagued with these Things ev’ry Day “ that I had rather relax. Come! a “ jolly Trooper, for *Bates* had told “ him who he was, never refuses a “ Glass, we’ll talk over a little Wine.” “ Done,” says *Bates*, not thinking but Wine would throw out many Things, and so indeed it did; for he declared, that he never knew any Thing of Figures more than School Arithmetic. “ But, says he, you do: Will you go “ Partners? We shall share good Pro- “ fits. My Ignorance, I fear, will “ soon betray me, I have been forc’d “ to play devilish Cunning to hide my “ want of Knowledge. — Your Skill “ will help me greatly. — *Si populus vult “ Decipi*, &c. You know the Rest, no “ doubt,

"doubt, Sir, — as the Army are all
 " *Scholars*. Come, t'other Bottle and
 " I'll tell you all. By your Means I
 " would publish some Mathematical
 " Book with my Name: This would
 " do *our* Business, I say *our's* --- for I
 " look on you, and love you, as my
 " own: They would say indeed he's no
 " Impostor, I saw a Book of his ---
 " and in Print to, --- ev'ry Thing in
 " Print is right." While they were
 thus talking, the Servant tap'd at the
 Door and cried, a Lady, Doctor, waits
 below. "Egad, says the Doctor, I'm
 " so *rosy* I'm asham'd to go down.
 " Do, see how you like the Trade ---
 " make a Beginning." --- Come, says
Bates, to himself, this is knowing the
 World. --- I will do as he says. --- On
 this the Doctor sends his Compliments
 to the Lady unknown, that he was far
 from well by Excess of Study, but his
 Partner, a Man of more superior Know-
 ledge, would attend. The Answer was,
 she was ready. Down goes *Bates*;
 and a blooming Customer he had of
 her.

her. She immediately began --- " the
 " Doctor has told you, I suppose, of
 " my being here before ; --- the Gen-
 " tleman will be with you To-morrow
 " dress'd in white : You are to be in-
 " form'd, he is an only Son, --- that
 " a Lady, describing me and the Dress
 " I now wear, for I will be exact, is
 " in Love with him, and can only make
 " him Happy. His Age about 24 ---
 " has met with Ingratitude from a Bro-
 " ther --- has buried a Sister lately :
 " The Rest you may invent as 'tis ge-
 " neral Disappointment, --- his Name
 " is *****, and Place of Abode is in
 " **** *Street*, four Doors from *Pic-*
 " *cadilly*." Bates said little, but made
 as many Bows as she did Courtesies, and,
 coming up Stairs, pleaded Business. ---
 The Excuse was allow'd. --- Then cry-
 ing to himself, what a World we live
 in, immediately went to the young Gen-
 tleman --- found him at home --- told
 him the Affair --- won his Friendship
 --- and sav'd the most promising Com-
 moner of this, or any other Nation from
 ab-

absolute Perdition. *Bates*, next Morning, sent two Bottles of Wine to the Doctor, as a Return for what he had drank ; and hopes, when he is no more, that both Sexes will remember the Plots (too often) laid against their Innocence. As the Doctor soon after quitted the House, it was imagined, by *Bates*, that he, as he ever lov'd the military Stile, had *counter-mined* him and *blown* him up. There are *Conjurors* in *Politics*, (as well as Love) says *Bates*, — but Mum ! —————





C H A P. XVIII.

**** *ATES*, by a Tour of Duty to
 * *B* * *Windsor, Hampton, Richmond,*
 * * * * * &c. on Parties with the youn-
 ger Royal Family, saw all the
 lovely Environs of *London*. He often
 smiled as he trotted by, to hear the Coun-
 try Folks say, " what a Set of brave *fight-*
 " *ing* Fellows they are, who can stand
 " before them? Oh! to think of the
 " Blood those Swords have spilt! for all
 " they look so bright now." — But
 wonder'd such noble Palaces were for-
 saken, which was not formerly the
 Case, 'till a Friend told him the Rea-
 sons in a Whisper. --- He now began
 to relish Court Secrets much, and make
 himself Master of Things, so as that no
 future *Sucker-Pump* should impose on
 him,

him, who told him, among many other Lies, that the *English* would never bear Foreign Troops *even* in their Pay, that all the ***** united could never hinder a Militia being settled, that no Money ever was sent abroad for Treaties, but, that we were so beloved the Pow'rs of *Europe* were Volunteers in standing by us. That the reigning Family were not safe. But that Lie, says he, I soon contradicted by telling him there could not be a surer Proof of their being safe than having Guards about the Palace, who could not defend even themselves, on Occasion ; whereas, if they were in Danger, they would certainly have brave *Dorsetshire* Men. This proves their Security. — In short, I found him a Liar, and wish I had never known him. While *Bates* was most lamenting the Inactivity of a Horse-guard's Life, and wishing he could obtain more busy and dang'rous Employ, an Order issued for reducing two Troops out of the Four, of which that he was in luckily
G fell.

fell. He is much pleas'd. --- A solemn
 Review once a Quarter, sitting Idle at
Whitehall Gate, playing with a Bridle,
 killing Flies with a Broad-sword, or
 trotting about from Town to Country
 Palaces were not the Things for *Bates*.
 --- Besides, it hurt his Character, as they
 were not esteemed (on Inquiry) a Corps
 of fighting Men, only of State and
 Grandeur. *Bates* long'd for Action:
 With Joy read of Volunteers entring
 Trenches, --- spiking up Cannon ---
 scaling Walls and gaining Laurels by
 a *forlorn* Hope. He often wish'd the
Roman Scheme was on Foot to animate
 even private Men by Crowns of cheap,
 but honourable Stuff. --- " I declare, says
 " he, I had rather walk up the Mall
 " with a Crown of *Bay Leaves* (sup-
 " posing that to be the Badge of some
 " glorious Action) than have an idle
 " Troop of Horse. --- I long for a
 " War; --- 'till there is I'll make fresh
 " Discoveries in Gunnery and Fortifi-
 " cation: Then who knows but I shall
 " wear

“ wear some Badge? I must --- My
 “ Services shall claim it, and there is
 “ no fear but I shall have what so ma-
 “ ny have had before me. I often meet,
 “ on the Benches in the Park, with
 “ old Officers who say they were rais’d
 “ from even private Men. — Had there
 “ been a War since, *no doubt* the same
 “ would have happened here again. —
 “ I’ll never Despair. The Troop is
 “ broke. If there’s a War, I’ll be in
 “ the Infantry, and the Name of *Bates*
 “ shall never be forgot. There is to
 “ be some Cash giv’n us at disbanding :
 “ So much the better. I’ll buy more
 “ Books and Instruments for the noble
 “ Science; but never will bribe even a
 “ Nobleman’s Porter with bare Silver,
 “ to gain me Admittance: No, I’ll be
 “ sent for. — My Services shall reach
 “ the Ears of the best and most coura-
 “ gious of Princes. A Fig for his Un-
 “ der-strappers; — they can’t blind
 “ him. — He is too discerning and
 “ knows the Truth. — Ah! *Bet-*
 “ *sey*, I speak in *Addison’s* Words —

*Amidst the dreadful Shock of charging
Hosts,*

Then will I think on thee — Oh! lovely

*Maid,
Then will I think on thee.*





C H A P. XIX.

THE Colonel is now arrived from the North, and *Bates*, for a while, resumes his Post there.

At first Sight the Colonel smiled, and said, “ Pray give me my new Title (you know I’m fond of Feathers): I called at *Cambridge* in my Way, and, at the grand Installation, was made a Doctor of Laws. ’Tis a Dream to me, for I never read a Page in my Life.” Says *Bates*, “ to a Man of a speculative and observing Turn of Mind, like your Honour, there must have been high Food for you.” — “ High enough,” says the Colonel: But the highest Character was the Organist there; who, to look fine, wore a Suit of Velvet, on a Day I could scarce bear my silk Coat there with a Holland Waistcoat, Ha, ha, ha! — He had

“ it for the Time, I suppose, and was
 “ determined (as Sailors do with hack-
 “ ney Horses) to have his Penny-worth.
 “ The Simpleton, like me, got an idle
 “ Degree given him, which, I hear,
 “ he looks upon as Peerage. — *Honores*
 “ *mutant mores*. — And I wish I don’t
 “ grow proud too. If you see me alter,
 “ correct me.”

Bates now again, by the Colonel’s
 Favour, learn’d the finest Behaviour,
 the *French* Language, practis’d Fencing,
 riding the managed Horse, some *Italian*,
 and kept up his Studies of the Mathe-
 matics. What a glorious Life? The
 Colonel, every Day, increased in Kind-
 ness, *Bates*, in Gratitude. — At Hours
 of Relaxation, Books of foreign Wars
 relieved the Mind, after such close At-
 tention as they both gave to the abstruse
 Sciences.

Bates, who most affectionately lov’d
 his native Country, was often propos-
 ing Plans to the Colonel, at Intervals
 from Study, for protecting our Colo-
 nies and Commerce abroad; which
 were

were such plain and easy ones, that the Colonel declared he would always contrive they should be laid before the *proper* People, with the real Author of them, for that he would claim no Merit in it at all. — I do firmly believe he did so. — Yet, what is odd, no Inquiry was ever made, or Notice taken, of the Inventor. He proposed a Plan for a *national Militia* (allowing a *decent* Army besides.) — No Answer. — Another, by Algebra, proved to raise twice the Money without the Subject's knowing or *feeling* it. — No Answer. — A Third, to clear the Debt of the Nation, in a few Years, by cultivating waste Lands, planting Timber, encouraging Manufactures, &c. &c. &c. &c. — Silent again! — Another to humble our proud and inveterate Enemy at an easy Rate, by perpetual flying Squadrons; never being at Peace, taking off Duties from Trade, so as to undersell them, &c. &c. — Deaf again! — A Fifth, to make all Posts about the **** so honourable as to be held by proper Persons without Salary, and thankye in the Bargain..

Bargain, as in *France*. — There was some Inquiry made about this, and had not the Author been conceal'd, Woe be to him — but the Colonel was faithful. And, among twenty others, a Scheme to make *Britain* the most formidable, rich, respectable, upright, noble, and desirable Country in the World. — Rejected, with the sad Addition of being stiled a *Mad-man*, and one who dealt in *Impossibilities*. — But *Bates* still went on with his Figures, mad as they called him, — and, obstinately, cry'd, in Opposition to Mr. *Merit's* “there was a “Time,” “*There will be a Time*. — “But when? Why, says *Bates*, (to “himself, but not a Soul heard, as he “thought) when *Placemen* are abolish- “ed; all *Pensioners* that can't give a “public Reason why they obtained it, “struck off the List; half a Score Ad- “mirals and general Officers banished “at least, or degraded; all those in- “trusted with public Money made as ho- “nest as two Merchants with the Bal- “lance produced, *remains*, so much;

no

“ no Peerage granted, ’till the Voice
 “ of a Kingdom cries, *Give it him —*
 “ *Give it him — He deserves that, and*
 “ *more.* Liberty of the Press allowed,
 “ where the Writer can prove his Facts,
 “ on Pain of Banishment at least, if
 “ *otherwise*; by which Means Truth
 “ may be *dispers’d* beyond the round Ta-
 “ ble and the Bottle, and, by Degrees,
 “ reach the Ears of ***. In the mid’st
 of all this the Colonel steps in, and, with
 his usual Smile, says, “ *Good Morrow*
 “ to you: How do you mean, Sir?” —
 “ With Submission,” says *Bates*. “ Why,
 “ have you not been *dreaming*? says
 “ the Colonel. But I’ll join with you
 “ sleeping or waking, that **** think
 “ of No-body but themselves. --- They
 “ buy in as publicly as we; and, there-
 “ fore, will have Interest for their Mo-
 “ ney. --- They serve their *** as fine
 “ Ladies do their Children --- go thro’
 “ much Travail to have them, and
 “ then leave them to be nursed by *Stran-*
 “ *gers*; seldom or ever setting Eyes
 “ upon them again for seven Years. ---

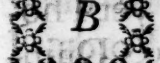
" But let us change the Story, --- read
 " me a Book of *Livy* or the *Commen-*
 " *taries*; and let us see what they *were*
 " and we *ought to be*." " Sir, says
 " *Bates*, I have now only *Voltaire* a-
 " bout me. --- But tho' they are our
 " profest Enemies, and I hope to lend
 " a Hand in humbling them, yet I ho-
 " nour their Notions of Glory, Disin-
 " terestedness, Contempt of Riches,
 " Slight of Danger --- but I'll read the
 " Original to you." --- Agreed. ---



CHAP.



C H A P. XX.


ATES grew ev'ry Day more

B and more in the Colonel's Fa-

vour. --- No Time was lost.

While Monsieur *Pinceau* was
 frizzing his Hair, *Bates* read History to
 him. One Day, being alone, *Bates*
 pulled out a *M. S.* and said, " if your
 " Honour is at Leisure, and think you
 " shall still be so for two Hours, I want
 " to shew you a Performance of mine."
 The Colonel, in an Instant, rung his Bell,
 and told his Servant he was at home to
 no one, not even *Nancy*. Down they
 fate on the Sopha, and two Hours past
 away on Downy Wings, for neither
 could tell how. --- " Well, says the
 Colonel, " what will you do with this?
 " You'll not print it, sure. By *Jupiter*, I
 " shall have a Journey twice a Day to
 " see you in the *Fleet* or *King's-Bench*.

" 'Tis

“ 'Tis well wrote — and I believe
 “ would bring you Money enough. ---
 “ If you were Independant I would
 “ not blame you : But, as you are, do
 “ not venture.” The Colonel, being
 obliged to leave *London* for a few Days,
 left *Bates* in a Million of Reveries, says
 he, “ I have heard, but that is using
 “ my dear Captain's own Words, I
 “ have heard, indeed, *there was a Time*
 “ --- when a *** would be glad to fe-
 “ cure a Genius (if I am one) who, ra-
 “ ther than this should spread (which a
 “ Love of Scandal and private History
 “ generally occasions among the Disap-
 “ pointed, and they seem to be the greater
 “ number,) would let a Man in Pow'r
 “ see the Copy that he may know there
 “ is such a Writer before it is too late.
 “ 'Egad I'll try it.” --- He did so. And
 this laid heavy at his Heart on his Death-
 bed, because it was the only Thing he
 did not advise with his Colonel in. ---
 He transcribes and sends it ---- Lets
 them know that he had no Gall but
 what a little Ambition created in him. ---

An

An Answer is sent --- a Meeting proposed. --- *Bates*, eager to shew his other Abilities here, in a blind Hour, left several of his Plans of Operations, for Sieges, Politics, &c. not one of which but past the nicest Scrutiny and Approbation. " Well ! says he, Colonel and my dear Captain, I have these People in my Power --- they can never desert me, because I can tell the *Secret* of our Intimacy." --- Heav'n forgive me for all this Arrogance --- Oh ! had I follow'd my Friend's Advice ! After some Years stuffing me with Promises, such as I think would have gulled my Betters, I took Leave of them, having fed for three Years of the *Cameleon's Dish*, *Promise-crammed*, &c. only requesting my Papers again, and I would never trouble them more. The Hint was then giv'n me, in Friendship as they said, that all the Plans and Operations I had shewn, and Schemes I had propos'd, though very good in their Way, were not now wanted, as the Peace would last for ever. At least,

least, cries one, for *our ever*, that is, *our*
Lives, and then, says he, what is ***
 to us? I could not bear to hear a Per-
 son who had obtain'd so much by his
 Country, treat it so basely; and, pluck-
 ing up a little Spirit, I told him, " that
 " only common Returns to such a
 " brave People as *Britons* was still the
 " Way to make them the greatest Peo-
 " ple in the World: That they lov'd
 " their ****, tho' designing Para-
 " sites, and fawning Time-servers told
 " him the contrary: That, oppress'd as
 " they were with Taxes and Duties,
 " they would only keep back the *odd*
 " *Shilling* from the Guinea, were they
 " sure *the Rest* would be well apply'd for
 " their ****, or their Country's Ser-
 " vice. But, says he, when Fleets
 " fail to no Purpose, — when Intelli-
 " gence (in Spite of all those Sums al-
 " low'd by a generous People for that
 " End) comes too late, — when Ge-
 " nerals are made, and Colonels (par-
 " ticularly a *French-Irish* bloated Fel-
 " low) who never saw even a Skirmish
 " in

“ in their Lives, — what can I think?”

— Then, losing all Temper, he roar'd as loud as *Othello*, for his Handkerchief, — *Give me my Papers! Give me my Papers! Give me my Papers! be honest, and give me my Papers!* On this he stole away --- and, as *Shakespeare* says of the Ghost,

*He parted like a guilty Thing, upon
A fearful Summons. —*

But *Bates* still follow'd him, crying out in the same Key, then catching him fast by a large Neckcloth which he wore, and twisting it 'till he saw his Eyes pretty globular, the Prisoner pointed to his Book-case. — *Bates*, thinking he might still deceive him, lugged him along (throttled and growling like a half choak'd *Hyena*) towards the Place, and made him point to the very Packet. — *Bates* poucht them, and set off, expecting the Dogs, or some of his *less-faithful* Barkers, would soon be at his Heels, which was the Case, for a
lean

lean fallow Secretary being sent, (which *Bates* imagines was to telescope him home, as they call it, he never having oblig'd them with that Particular) *Bates* waited at a Corner, where Chairmen, Porters, and the dirty Part of the fair Sex, are often apt to contract themselves, and sit like Hares in a Form; and watching the Colour of his Cloaths, and his best Opportunity, threw him on his Face, rolled him three or four Times backwards and forwards, and then said, " I always thought you a dirty Fellow, — But, now, thank Heaven, I know it. — Your Servant — Tell the Story if you dare." — *Exit* *Monf. Le Secretaire* grumbling, and vowing Revenge.



CHAP. XXI.

HO should *Bates* meet one
 W Day, in the Park, but his old
 Preceptor, the *North-Briton*?
 who, catching hold of *Bates*'s
 Hand, gripp'd it, lugg'd him to a Bench,
 and then, at once, begun in the old
 Strain : " Why, really, I save no small
 " Trifle in paying my Washer-woman
 " in *Franks*, Coffee-houses cost me,
 " absolutely, nothing ---- one Frank
 " clears me for the Morning. I know
 " all the 16 --- and the 42, and if they
 " don't bleed free (as we say) I can
 " imitate all their Hands --- am prac-
 " tised in it. The Member must al-
 " ways complain first, you know ----
 " and we *North Britons* are true to each
 " other. The Story of selling our
 " King, for a Groat, is a d---d Lie,
 " --- I can prove it." Still gripping
 him

him (for *Bates* disliked such Meanness.)
Bates says (he knew the Fly that would
do for the Hook) " Will you promise
" to dine with me, To-morrow, if I
" let you go now?" " I will, says
" *Forbus* (that was his Name) if my
" Lord **** will let me off." I war-
" rant he will," says *Bates*. " Damn
" you, says *Forbus*, if you think I am
" not engaged to my Lord, go with me,
" and you shall know of *Joany Monro*,
" his *Butler*; who will give you a
" Bottle at the Spring-head, with a
" certain Health." " Oh! I don't
" doubt of your Engagement with the
" *Butler*, (glad to get away) and,
" therefore, I hope to see you."

Bates now compared Notes; how
different his Situation was, eating, per-
haps, only a brown Biscuit on his Drum-
head, and being obliged to flatter no
one, compared to this poor Parasite,
" Who, says he, must earn his Meat
" by saying the Thing *that is not*. ---
" Well, I long for a Siege, great as
" *London-derry* or *Prague*, that they
" may

“ may see what I can do, and how
 “ *abstain* to purchase Honour.” Un-
 employed as *Bates* was in military Du-
 ty, he still maintained his martial Spi-
 rit, and when the *military Chest*, as he
 used to call it, was low, he would ra-
 ther hang an Hour on the Cannon near
 the Parade, than *Hook a Dinner*, (as
Forbus calls it) “ If I am found here,
 “ says he, I’m in Character; No-body
 “ can suspect my Situation, I seem em-
 “ ployed, as if making some useful
 “ Observations in Gunnery. --- And so
 “ it would pass.” --- *Bates* often was
 rewarded for this great Heart of his, for
 curious Gentlemen (and some few such
 there are) would ask him Questions a-
 bout the Study of Artillery; and, on
 proper Answers, invite him to their
 Houses to pass the Day. --- Says *Bates*,
 “ This is not *hooking*: I deserve it, I
 “ suppose, or they would not have in-
 “ vited me.” And many a Guinea has
 come this Way without *Angling* or ever
 looking for a Bait.

But

But the distant Sound of Drums from the City, one Morning, engaged his Attention, " even there, perhaps, I " may learn something, says he, tho' " I fear it." On Inquiry, the valiant Army of *London* was to be reviewed. I'll go, says *Bates*: He arrives: *Dung-hills* are stormed: Prisoners ransomed: Mines sprung: Batteries raised; and dismounted --- as soon: And Officers (if Valour consists in *Lace* or *Fringe*) the most brave and intrepid of the Universe. Says *Bates*, " tho' they know " little I would forgive *that*, as it is " not their daily Trade, (only comes " once a Year) but why will they affect " to know so much?" For now endeavouring to explain some Part of the manual Exercise to a most noble Lieutenant Colonel (Common Council Man of *Candle-wick Ward*, and *Dry Salter*) the fringed Hero, with contemptuous Eye, answers, " Mind your own Business. The City, by their Charter, " are free from such *Warment* as you, " Go back from whence you came." Sir!

Sir ! says *Bates*. --- “ Sir ! replies the
 “ Colonel, give me my Title ! Have
 “ I no Title ? Aye, and as good a one
 “ as any *Lobster* about the Smoke of
 “ the Palace. We can *defend* ourselves
 “ without any Courtier’s Assistance (for
 “ you seem by your fine Talk to come
 “ thereabouts). We have as *brave an*
 “ *Army* as any the Duke of *Marlbo-*
 “ *rough* ever had under him (barring
 “ Numbers ;) 10,000 *fighting* Men,
 “ upon Occasion ; headed, not by half
 “ starved beggarly Officers of the Court,
 “ — No, no. — There’s a Colonel !
 “ Where have you such a one ? He
 “ weighs at least a Plumb” — Weighs
 says *Bates*. — “ Aye, *solid Gold*.” “ Oh !
 “ I mistook,” says *Bates*.

The Word of Command being soon
 to be given, the Colonel, who was very
 loudly whisper’d by the Serjeant to say,
March — Cries, “ No, its *July* yet. —
 “ Come, my Lads ! — *Walk* — there’s
 “ Men for you, says the Colonel — I
 “ thank Heav’n, I have not a *Soldier* in
 “ my own Company, and I hope there
 “ are

“ are none among the rest. — *Wheel* — And so they did, by catching hold of each others Arms, and at last making an *Irish Ring*. — “ There’s Men, says the Colonel” — When now, calling for his *Beast*, the better to survey the whole crooked *Line*, (whether the Beer he had that Day drank, or whether the Beef he had ate to Breakfast, Dinner, and Afternoon-luncheon, or whether it was the natural Tendency of his Pate, but) on clamb’ring up the outside of his *War-horse*, he hung over his Saddle, with his Head downwards, like the Sign of the *Golden-Fleece* (for he was indeed all Gold.) Thrice he essay’d to raise himself, thrice he failed ; when descending again (the better to accomplish his Design) some valiant Serjeants, who saw his Distress with Concern, ran to his Assistance ; and (over eager to save the Credit of the Regiment and their Colonel) they jointly put their Hands under his Crupper so violently, that he fell over the other Side of his *Horse*, who luckily having been hard

hard work'd in a Colour-mill, (for he borrow'd him that Morning) stood quiet enough, or Mr. Colonel must have been the only dead Man that Day, except the many who were only dead drunk. *Bates*, now to be a little revenged (the second Time he was ever cruel in all his Life, Mr. *Paradox*'s Scourging being the first) said, " Noble Colonel, " You had rather fall ten Times, I believe *that* Way, than once *in Battle*." The Colonel, now in Wrath, orders a file of Musqueteers to turn him out of the Field, as a dangerous and suspected Person, --- Crying, " When we want " you, we'll send for you ; we can de- " send ourselves by our Charter. --- *Bates* walkt solitary home, thinking how ridiculous it is to appear in any Character unfit for us ; and concluded by saying, " All the Shame we feel " in Life is generally owing to our en- " deavouring to *pass for* what we are " not." --- But this Colonel, said he, had no Shame. ----- Perhaps his Face was too red to admit of it. Says *Bates*,
" the

" the original Design of this same Mi-
 " litia was good, tho' now abus'd, like
 " most things ; for tho' I'm a Soldier,
 " I do declare I hope to see a *national*
 " one sometime or other ; for I think
 " it more likely that Men should de-
 " fend *others* Property, who have a lit-
 " tle of their *own*, than those who
 " have nothing but *daily* Pay, some-
 " times from *one* and sometimes from
 " *another*."

Bates, after pond'ring on what he
 saw the Day before, (which occasioned
 strange Dreams, --- Such as taking a
 City, by firing Oranges out of wooden
 Guns, --- Throwing Corks from Apo-
 thecaries Mortars, at strong Citadels,
 and what not) said, " Thank Heav'n !
 " I am not a Colonel of train'd Bands !
 " When I read in the Papers that Sir
 " *William* * * * and Sir *Thomas* * * *,
 " had the red, the blue, or the orange
 " Regiment given them, I foolishly
 " thought they were indeed Officers,
 " and the Men Soldiers." *Mrs. Broc-*
coli too came often in his Mind, for
 scarce

scarce an Officer appear'd the Day before who had not the Tip of a Neat's Tongue between his Lips, like a Cork in a Bottle; the Kunckle of a Leg of Lamb, or Web-foot of a Goose appearing thro' the Chasm of his Pocket-flap; and Bottles, or Loaves, so protuberant, Right and Left, that it was impossible to close the Files, for there was always a good Yard between them; and all for fear of being starv'd on a March from *Bedlam* to the *Artillery Ground*. --- The Government should choose their Commissaries of Stores from these Men, and the Army would never be in want of any Thing. --- Next Morning was an agreeable Change, --- 'twas a Field-Day on the Parade, and the new Cloathing joined to the Dexterity of the Men, soon rubb'd out all Ideas of the past Day; and yet when so many Lines of brave Fellows stood up, he could not help saying, with *Tamerlane*:

*Yet, yet a little! and destructive Slaughter
May wage around, and marr this beautiful Prospect.*

H

Pass

*Pass but an Hour (which stands between
the Lives*

*Of thousands and Eternity) what change
May hasty Death make in their glitt'ring
Plains.*

“ But, I'll not refine too nicely on
“ it, I am a Soldier, and am prouder of
“ that Name than any of the pompous
“ Titles that plagued me Yesterday.”
Bates was sorry often, during the Course
of the Review, to see the Subalterns so
publicly instructed by their Serjeants.
Says he, “ If I knew where these
“ Gentlemen lodg'd, I would privately
“ go and teach them, that they might
“ not be so exposed. --- Pity, where so
“ many brave Non-commission Officers
“ are doing daily Duty, that all should
“ pass for Nothing.” --- Here, (had a-
ny Friend been present) *Bates* would
have whisper'd, for says he, “ Truth
“ is not to be spoke at all Times.”
Bates was also pleased to hear the Ob-
servations of Standers-by, as how that
ev'ry lusty and carbuncled Soldier must
be

be a brave Man, “ If that was the
 “ Case, says *Bates*, laughing, I Yester-
 “ day saw 1000 of the most valiant
 “ Men upon this Earth.” The Review
 at an End, *Bates* (after walking many
 a-time the length of the Mall, and
 more than once encompassing the whole
 Park) sat down at last, and joined Con-
 verse with a thin antiquated Officer, as
 he thought, who, but that he spoke first,
Bates said he should have imagined
 was expir’d, and fit to be laid out.
 Conversation began ; --- and the old
 Person, whom we shall call *Paper Lungs*,
 began, “ There’s no Reward, --- A
 “ Man may wear himself to the Stumps
 “ and never be thought of; I was an Of-
 “ ficer forty Years ago.” “ Ever in Bat-
 “ tle, says *Bates*,” Ay twenty ; my Body
 “ is a Cullander, a Sieve, but my Coun-
 “ try may perish for me ; Boys set over
 “ Men’s Heads ; if I recover, I’ll go
 “ where I am courted ; I might have
 “ had a Truncheon by this Time ; but
 “ a foolish Love for my Country has
 “ ruined me ; it never shall again.”

Bates, who believed this and twenty more Rhodomontade Stories, before he left him, gave him half a Crown; on which the old Gentleman, pretending still the Soldier, cry'd, " Well ! the
 " Brave love one another ; ev'ry Thing
 " runs to its Level ; I wish you better
 " Success than I met with ; I would
 " take this Trifle from no one but a
 " Soldier ; they know each other's
 " Wants." 'Twas not long before *Bates* found that the Man was a Native of a paltry Island between *England* and *Hibernia*, much given to Lying and Fraud; and had never been any Thing, but a bad Hautboy to an Independant Company. " Be the Crime his, says *Bates*,
 " I took him, in spite of his Looks,
 " for a Soldier ; and tho' not a brave
 " one, he might still have been ill us-
 " ed ; the Brave and Deserving are not
 " always the most unfortunate." *Bates* was sorry for the Imposition, because says he, " I past many a Man, I fear,
 " afterwards, (between the Hours of
 " 3 and 5 sitting on Benches in the
 " Park)

“ Park) who perhaps might really
 “ want, and yet the Recollection of this
 “ *Mank's* Man put a Stop to all others ;
 “ thus, says he, it often happens ; the
 “ Good are punish'd for the Bad ; the
 “ Deserver for the Undeserver ; I wish
 “ I had never seen the lying Fellow ;
 “ and further wish, (to make his petty
 “ Kingdom honest) that it was united
 “ to either *England* or *Ireland*, for at
 “ present 'tis a Scandal to both.” *Bates*
 then pulled out of his Pocket a Pam-
 phlet, just publish'd, on the Subject, by
 a Gentleman who means well, and had
 Facts, but wants the Brushes and Co-
 lours of Literature to set them off.

Bates was determin'd, having Leisure,
 to pay a Visit to *Greenwich* Hospital ;
 “ tho' I expect to be ridicul'd, for I will
 “ not conceal my Cockade, I'll go says
 “ he.” The Tide serv'd, and he finds
 himself arriv'd. “ What a magnificent
 “ Building ? Well, Ships are no doubt
 “ useful Things, says *Bates* ; but more
 “ so I think formerly than now ; till
 “ our Neighbours, and very inveterate

“ Enemies, and every Power of *Europe*
 “ made standing Armies a Fashion, to
 “ be sure Ships were sufficient, but now
 “ we must be even with them. Boot-
 “ top to Boot-top, Bayonet to Bayonet;
 “ but, *Mum* ! I fear that blue Jerkin
 “ Gentleman heard me.” “ I did, says
 “ *Clew-tackle*, for that was his Name,
 “ and wanted you to have gone on a
 “ little longer ; can’t you be content to
 “ see the most glorious Building in the
 “ known World ; but you must come
 “ and find Fault with the Bulwark of
 “ the Kingdom, and us too ; I see you
 “ are a Soldier ; we shall never agree.”
 “ Why not, says *Bates*, I respect ev’ry
 “ Servant of the King’s.” “ You said o-
 “ therwise just now, Friend ; Ships five
 “ Minutes ago were uselefs Things, at
 “ least more useful then, meaning in
 “ old Times, *nor* now ; what could
 “ you do without us ? where we have
 “ one we ought to have twenty ; what
 “ *magnifies* it, you white Stocking
 “ Fellows, walking like Dancing Mas-
 “ ters ? I tell you, you are very well a-
 “ bout

" bout a Palace Gate for Shew, but if
 " *England* (for I'll call it *Old England*
 " still, and not *Britain* ; I hope you
 " are not a *Scotsman* ; but with all my
 " Heart ; *Clew-tackle* always speaks his
 " Mind ; as I prime so I fire ;) is ever
 " sav'd from Ruin, it must be by us ;
 " what's your *Chelsea* College compar'd
 " to this Palace ? that shews how we
 " are respected ; the * * * love us ;
 " you see every Year what Sums they
 " chearfully grant for us ; no Debate
 " about it ; all willing ; when you
 " come in *Question* there's such wrang-
 " ling whether it shall be so many thou-
 " sand, more or less ; *Wee*, Lord help
 " you ! No body grudges any Thing
 " for us ! then there's such a Racket to
 " get a Parcel of you together ; mea-
 " suring, and bribing, and cloathing,
 " and the Lord knows what ? The
 " Moment we are wanted they have us ;
 " as many as they will ; all willing ;
 " more refused than can be taken in ;
 " no pressing or bribing by Liquor to
 " *strick* a Bargain ; there's a 70 Gun
 " along-

“along-side of us; old *Bell-mettle* is
 “Captain; not a Man on board; say
 “but the word, and in an Hour’s Time
 “he shall have his Complement; he’ll
 “fight; we love a Man that fights
 “and punishes; where there is Pu-
 “nishment, there is chance of Re-
 “ward; and we have no Complaints
 “that Way; our Captains all fight.

Good Men and true,
In their Jerkins blue. ---- Sings.

“I wish you had been a Sailor; I
 “could almost love you too for your
 “Patience and long-suffering; for I
 “have Keel-hawl’d you and your Bre-
 “thren a little.” *Bates*, who had a
 Design still to see *Woolwich* in his Way
 back, took leave, but did not as usual
 give his Mite, having not quite forgot
Paper-lungs, a lying Dog! And enquir-
 ing at the Public House who this Mr.
Clew-tackle was, they said he was a
 drunken *Scotch* Sailor, of a Merchant-
 man, who hung about the Place here,

to

to rob the poor Men of their Tobacco ;
 get half a Bed on occasion, Beer and
 Eatables ; but that he would soon be
 whipt out of the Town. " What a
 " World we live in, says *Rates* ? I now
 " don't wonder when I us'd to attend
 " the Great, that they always askt me
 " so for Letters from particular Gen-
 " tlemen ; why, it must be to prevent
 " being impos'd on ; a Tale is easily
 " told ; Well, if ever I should live to
 " be great, (which indeed I only live
 " for ; for Life seems scarce worth hold-
 " ing under all these Disadvantages)
 " and near the King, I would banish
 " all Imposters to the Island of *Yell*,
 " one of the *Orkneys*, there to *howl* out
 " their grievous Lies or lying Grievs to
 " themselves, and no body else to hear
 " them. The Island of *Yell*, 'saith I
 " pique myself on that ; the Name im-
 " plies the intended Inhabitants well
 " enough ; but I must away for *Wool-*
 " *wich*, I have an Experiment or two
 " to make there ; and, as I know some
 " of the *Matrosses*, no doubt they will

“ let me Practice them, and be glad (if
 “ they succeed) to copy after me.” *Bates*
 arrives at *Woolwich*, and soon making
 himself and his Business known to a
 few Friends, they lik’d the Scheme,
 but said, without leave, they could not
 oblige him with Powder ; “ Oh ! says
 “ *Bates*, I have Powder about me, I
 “ bought some on Purpose at *Green-*
 “ *wich* just now.” “ *Why !* then, says an
 “ honest Fellow, by Name *Coborn*, you
 “ can’t hurt the Piece by a little firing.”
Bates now lugg’d out his Powder, and
 wish’d he could have brought Ball too ;
 Oh ! no matter, says *Coborn*, Iron is cheap
 enough. *Bates* prepares, and at the first
 Explosion an Officer, who had bought in,
 I believe, came up and enquired who he
 was ? “ Please your Honour, says *Coborn*,
 “ a young Lad, who loves Engineering
 “ and Gunnery ; has been in *France* on
 “ Purpose to improve, and is come here
 “ in pure good Nature to instruct us.”
 “ Damn him, says Captain *Bladder*,
 “ (that was the Name of this bloated
 “ Commander, and I shall never for-
 “ get

“ get him or his Name) ’tis a Scheme ;
 “ some frenchified *Papish*, coming here
 “ to blow up the Magazine perhaps, —
 “ besides I don’t like your learning *new*
 “ Ways, — we are *skilled* enough ; —
 “ no Country has more knowing People
 “ in our Way, — have we not near 500
 “ Bombardiers ? half as many Miners ?
 “ No, no, — send him packing, — I
 “ see into the Fellow, — he’s a Bite, —
 “ follow the Way you are taught, —
 “ ’tis an excellent one, — you can ne-
 “ ver find a better ; — we want no
 “ Instructions, — bid him take up
 “ his Books of Pothooks and Hangers,
 “ --- we never use *Books*, --- all by the
 “ Head, which is more certain ; ---
 “ there, use him well, says *Bladder*, ---
 “ but see him clear of the Town ; ---
 “ I’ll seal up his Books of Gunnery, as
 “ he impudently, or rather foolishly,
 “ calls them, and send them to the
 “ Council, --- I shall perhaps *advance*
 “ myself by it ; --- he’s a Spy, --- and
 “ writes in *Cypher* ; --- the proper
 “ Officer shall have them, --- and I
 “ warrant

“ warrant we’ll find him out; --- buy-
 “ ing Powder, to be sure, is an excellent
 “ Blind ! Why, we have not a Matrofs
 “ (much more an Officer) but would
 “ do as much.” --- Then, turning into
 his Guard Room, *Bates* saw him in less
 than half a Minute, asleep in an easy
 Chair, ordering himself not to be wak-
 ed, and that they would not *Practise*
 that Evening, by any means, for fear of
 disturbing his Repose, which, to be sure,
 he much wanted, for he rose about Noon
 that Day, and had only walk’d to the
 Place where *Bates* was practising and
 back again.

Bates, in some Chagrin, retreated to
London, and contented himself with
 what he called *dumb Practice*; which
 was his Pen, Ink and Paper; but wish’d
 one of these Days, that he might see
 Capt. *Bladder*, and half a Score more
 such, called upon some curious Piece of
 Service, and No-body near at Hand
 to instruct them: That’s all the Harm
 I wish Capt. *Bladder* and his bloated
 Associates. --- “ Pride and Ignorance
 “ are

“ are first Cousins, if not nearer of Kin;
 “ ——— Well! I'll do without them;
 “ Pen and Paper make no Noise: They
 “ would hinder me of *that* if they could;
 “ I suppose, but they shan't. — Who
 “ knows but I may live to be advised
 “ with in Preference to this empty Fel-
 “ low? whose Name, I think, is a suf-
 “ ficient Satire upon him: And so I'll
 “ add no more.”

Bates, having amused himself with
 writing a political Pamphlet once more;
 again attacks a Bookseller. His Name
 was *Elzevir* (I'll try no more Secreta-
 ries of *****) not far from that Open-
 ing into *Covent Garden* which gives you
 the Portico Front of the most exact
 Building in *London*. The very Men-
 tion of a political Pamphlet occasioned
 a Whisper — and, subsequent to it, a
 back Room is shewn. — “ Lord, Sir;
 “ (what ever your Name is) People
 “ think our Trade a most excellent
 “ one — it has been so, one of the *bas-*
 “ *been's* — at present (among Friends)
 “ *Bawdy and Treason*, or at least some-
 “ thing

“ thing very *Anti-ministerial*, is all that
 “ goes down. There is, I own, some *small*
 “ *Encouragement* for Books against Re-
 “ *ligion*, of late; but then the *Jury*
 “ should first present them properly,
 “ and the *Justices of Middlesex* back it
 “ well. Any Thing now (among
 “ Friends) burned by the common
 “ Hangman (if you can carry it so far)
 “ is ready Cash — Like an old Hay-
 “ stack — ’Tis a perfect Banker, you
 “ may draw and be answered. — I
 “ know the World. — ’Tis *Three Pound*
 “ *Twelves* — full Weight — No sweat-
 “ ing or filing.” — But the Answer
 at last was, “ I can give no Money —
 “ I’ll *halve* the *Profit* if you will: But
 “ I must be indemnified. A certain
 “ Brother of our’s was cleared once in
 “ such an Affair, by being a free Citi-
 “ zen — Here we differ — Save me
 “ harmless and indemnified — I’ll print
 “ it. — *We’ll* go Snacks — I’ll keep a
 “ *regular Account*, on my *Honour* —
 “ All shall be *fair* between us.” *Bates*
 said he would think of it: But he never
 did.

did afterwards. The contracted Behaviour of Mr. *Elzevir* (who had not the Trade in him, for *Title-page* was full of Fun and could lay Hooks for Authors) set him against all Schemes of this Kind, ever afterwards.



CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

 *ATES* then despairing of reaping any Thing from his Political Merit, determines to stick by his military Genius. He oft walks to *Woolwich*, notwithstanding his Rebuff, and returns at Night on foot, merely to gain Knowledge; — he made Trips to *Douay* in *Flanders*, (the great *French Arsenal*) *Mecklin*, that of the *Austrian Netherlands*, and could not be easy 'till he saw *Toulon* and *Brest*, where he made such excellent Drawings, as he has been told, of the *Port, Harbour, Batteries, &c.* that says he, “ one of these Days
 “ (for I'll never part with Papers again).
 “ these shall be a little Fortune to me,
 “ — no body has them but myself, —
 “ and tho' the present Person in Pow'r
 “ has no Attention to Things of this
 “ Kind,

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“ Kind, there may be a Change, and
“ the Successor most probably will.” —
Bates was still not suspicious enough of
Mankind, — being just himself, as *O-
roomoko* says,

He was inclining to think others so.

But now the Time draws nigh for
Action, — a War threatens, — the
Companies of the Guards are all filled
up ; and *Bates* asks his Colonel what he
must do ? Says he, “ you have just an-
“ ticipated my Business with you ; an
“ intimate Friend of mine, in the same
“ Regiment, has a Corporal’s Vacancy,
“ which in the Guards is allow’d to be
“ equal Rank with a Serjeant of a
“ marching Regiment, and he promi-
“ ses, if you will just turn upon your
“ Heel, (for that is his common Expres-
“ sion when he means to serve) that he
“ will advance you to an Halberd,
“ which, he expects, will soon be in
“ his Pow’r to give.” *Bates* was over-
joyed, and said, “ Colonel, I would
“ have

“ have follow’d your Advice, even to
 “ be only a private Man, because I know
 “ you speak from your Heart; pray let
 “ me see my Colonel as soon as possi-
 “ ble.” “ There is your Letter, says he,
 “ and Success attend you.” Away went
Bates, found him at home, and much
 Chat ensued; the Hour treading on to-
 wards Dinner, the Colonel, (who for
 Distinction we’ll call *Spontoan*, to prevent
 Mistakes, the other all over *England*, I
 hope, being known by the bare Appella-
 tion of *The Colonel*, as there is no such o-
 ther living) said, “ am not well to-
 “ day; can you eat a sick Dinner? I
 “ have Broth and there is Mutton” ---
Bates look’d on all this as a lucky O-
 men; accordingly he staid, and as the
 Bottle went about, (how different a Con-
 versation from *the Colonel*!) says he,
 “ have not you a Family Vote in ***?
 “ I have, Sir, says *Bates*, and always
 “ have, and ever will, vote without Fa-
 “ vour or Affection for the Man who
 “ will love his Country, and wear her
 “ constantly at his Heart; you are the
 “ Man

“ Man for me then, says *Spontoon* ; the
 “ Colonel you left will answer for me ;
 “ I have some distant Thoughts of the
 “ Borough, and love to be in Time ;
 “ you are my Corporal ; I’m told you
 “ know your Exercife, fo you may ap-
 “ pear at once on the Parade to-mor-
 “ row ; I mount the *St. James’s* Guard ;
 “ your Cloaths are ready ; if the Men
 “ grumble let me know.” *Bates* took
 leave ; try’d on his Regimentals ; they
 fitted ; and wanting to gather some lit-
 tle Neceffaries for next Day, begg’d leave
 to retire ; but hop’d his Honour did not
 mean his Favour as a *Return* for his pro-
 mis’d Vote, for if that was the Cafe, he
 could not *accept* it ; it look’d like a
 Bribe ; and he was determin’d to rife
 by Military Merit only ; *Spontoon* affur-
 ed him no ; and they parted ; *Bates*
 catching himfelf every now and then
 in the Street, and faying, “ I wifh he
 “ had let me offer it myfelf, I fear its
 “ *Bribery*, I would have given it him
 “ without this Favour ;” then taking
 his Shoulder-knot in his Hand, being a
 new

new Thing, kept playing with it all thro' the Park, when sitting down at the last Bench, he saw a young Clergyman doing the same with his Scarf; on which he presumed (and rightly, as he found since) that he was just made a Nobleman's Chaplain, and as fond of the Feather as himself; what, says *Pope*?

Scarfs, Garters, Gowns, amuse his riper Stage,

And Beads and Pray'r Books are the Toys of Age.

Pleas'd with this Trifle, now as that before,

Till, tir'd he Sleeps! and Life's poor Play is o'er.



CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

* * * * * *B* * * * * * *ATES* was early on the Pa-
 * * * * * *B* * * * * * rade, and having an engaging
 * * * * * *B* * * * * * Address, soon made himself
 * * * * * *B* * * * * * belov'd by his Company; their
 Jealousy of his Appointment soon disap-
 pear'd, when they saw he had *Merit* :
 Aye, says one ! “ If it was so always, no
 “ body would grumble, but we have
 “ sometimes Blockheads set over us.”
 They were charm'd with his manner of
 exercising them, and said, “ they
 “ would mind all he bid them do,
 “ which was more than they would for
 “ any one else.” The Colonel arrives,
 and introduces *Bates* to the Men ; a
 Smile went round ; “ I scarce ever
 “ felt more real Satisfaction ; the Guard
 “ was soon form'd, and the Music,
 “ which I march'd very near, gave me
 “ fresh Spirits ; the Trees in full Leaf,
 “ the

“ the occasional glitt’ring of the Water
 “ near the Verdure, the Sun shine
 “ above, the fresh Ground below, (just
 “ after a soft Rain) still convince me it
 “ was the happiest Day I ever knew; I
 “ now first saw the **, and when I
 “ saw so benevolent a Countenance, and
 “ so Soldier-like a Figure, I was amaz’d
 “ he was ever ill serv’d by any body;
 “ but the Reasons were often given me
 “ in my many Walks in the Park, and
 “ I guess them pretty well before; the
 “ Day’s Guard past off well! and I
 “ had some little Pleasure over my Com-
 “ rades at the *Tower*, the *Tilt*, *Savoy*,
 “ *Somerset-house*, and so on, to think
 “ that I was one of them, who in Case
 “ of any Accident that Day, should
 “ have merited the Royal Favour, for I
 “ was determin’d to die or Conquer, in
 “ Case of any Riot, when none hap-
 “ pen’d; I now found the Advantage
 “ of having practis’d myself to lie hard,
 “ for we lay like Mackrel in a Fish-
 “ monger’s Shop; I had the same
 “ Pleasure in marching back next
 “ Morning,

* Morning, and had the Vanity to
 “ think that many Persons, who stood
 “ by the Mall-side, knew my Merits
 “ and the Honour I had obtained by
 “ them ; there were Ladies who stopt,
 “ and stood still as I past ; but I soon
 “ found it was usual when the Music
 “ played : We are too apt in Youth to
 “ attribute ev’ry Thing to ourselves ;
 “ and, I believe, it right in the Disposi-
 “ tions of Nature, because without Va-
 “ nity there would be no Emulation,
 “ and Youth is the Hour for one as
 “ well as the other ; well, we are a-
 “ gain on the Parade, having been re-
 “ liev’d ; March is the Word ; the
 “ Ranks are broke, and ev’ry Man
 “ thinks of his Home ; the Music bag
 “ up their Whistles, and talk of a Num-
 “ ber of Scholars, to save going to a
 “ Coffee-house, when they are ask’d ;
 “ and the Park is clear of Morning-
 “ gazers ; to make Way for the Guests
 “ of the Noon ; ” but *Bates* had other
 Business, — as rough as he lay in the
 Night he did not want fresh Sleep, and
 imme-

immediately he set off for the *Bird-cage* to practise and instruct the *Recruits*, tho' not his own proper Business — such was his love for Arms ! A brother Corporal (whose Name was *Double Dapper*, and who *more* dearly lov'd the Bench of an Ale-house Door, than being *Usher* to young *Recruits*) very willingly resign'd his Post to *Bates*. *Bates* (who knew human Nature too well not to know that some Rewards should be mix'd with Instruction) sent a Man for a Yard or two of *Pig-tail*, from his own private Purse, and distributed to his Scholars, according to their Merits ; “ so would “ I do as I would be done by, says “ *Bates* ;” the Whisper immediately went round that his Name was *Yates* (a small Mistake) and made a Corporal from his *Merits* ; *Bates* heard this, and 'twas what he preferred to Money, Banquets, or even Ladies ; thus *Bates* past his Time when detach'd from Duty or Study ; so that ev'ry body present gave it round, that he ought to be made a Serjeant, and that he would when the
 ** knew

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** knew it, who *loves* a Soldier, and would always prefer them of himself if he was not ***, but no matter ; to rise by Merit was all *Bates's* Scheme ; and when Strangers concurred that he deserved a Halbert, he then thought 'twas *fair* to accept it ; not before ! He wishes the Voice of the People was more listened to, —

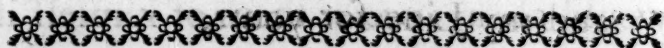
Interdum Populus rectum putat, &c.

What, says *Bates*, did you think I had forgot all my *Latin* ? Like the Bishop of *****.



I

CHAP.



C H A P. XXIV.



BATES, in a few Months became Serjeant, by the Favour of *Spontoon*, a Vacancy having happened by the *last* embezzling the poor Centinels' Pay often, and being a very *Usurer* among them. This made *Bates* shine with more Lustre, for rather than diminish he often added to a poor Man who had a Family, and *loved his Wife*. His first Duty that happened, was to the Theatre, and as fond as he was of Plays, he refused going in that Night, "because, says he, "I have the Guard." Who should pass at that Instant but one of the Players? who, clapping *Bates* on the Shoulder said,

Here is a Cæsar! When comes such another?

"Aye

“ Aye, says *Bates*, give me your Hand,
 “ and my Line for yours,

*Act well your Part, there all the Honour
 lies.”*

Bates heard, since, the Gentleman took it amiss, and thought it a Reflexion on his Want of Eminence in the Profession. --- But *Bates* begs that Gentleman to recollect, that tho’ Nature has been somewhat unkindly tardy in accomplishing him for that Profession, yet his Benevolence, Learning, and Humanity, are such, as to counter-balance all theatrical Imperfections. He has wrote a Tragedy or two, and you may guess him still easier, when I tell you, the Managers of *Drury Lane* have not such a *Friend* in their Troop. *Bates* when he was on any Guard, instead of sitting at an Ale-house, was perpetually examining the out-posted Centinels; and always, as he said, for that Day, at least, thinking himself in an *Enemy’s Country*. “ What, is your

“ Duty over when the Guard is reliev-
 “ ed? says he. No, no; there’s Bu-
 “ siness enough: Let the Men know
 “ what their private, as well as public,
 “ Duty is: That there are many *latent*
 “ Enemies among us, and that a Sol-
 “ dier can’t be too vigilant; improve
 “ in your Exercise; and, if your Head
 “ is capable, learn a little Gunnery.
 “ There will be, I hear, Artillery to
 “ every Regiment, and who knows
 “ how soon it may come to your’s or
 “ his Turn to *serve* it? Come to my
 “ Lodgings, and I will teach any of you
 “ the first Principles --- I lodge in the
 “ *Ambrey*. Tell your Comrades. I
 “ won’t be worse than my Word: And
 “ there shall be always a Glass of Ale
 “ or a Cup of *fresh*, with a Cut of
 “ Bread and Cheese, to him who takes
 “ Pains --- I wish I could reward bet-
 “ ter --- I purpose to rise by my Merits
 “ --- so may you. While I have a
 “ Tongue to sound your Praise, I will.
 “ Don’t think your Business is done by
 “ once in eight Days bringing a bright
 “ Fire-lock

“ Fire-lock into the Field, and whistling
 “ an idle Tune in your Box. No,
 “ no ; there’s perpetual Employment,
 “ and you may all rise, if you will.”

Thus the Days went off. But some Officers (who had *bought* in, I suppose) often said, he was a *meddling-Fellow*, a *Jack in an Office*, an *officious Puppy*, and the like. *Bates* smiled, knowing human Nature, now, pretty well ---- and that all *idle* People hate those who are *active*, and are never Friends with them ’till they make them as idle as themselves. *Bates* avoided Company as much as possible: “ ’Tis Expensive,” said he, and I don’t want People to “ *puff* me ; my *Merits*, I doubt not, “ will make way for me. All Artifices “ to raise Fame fall to the Ground.” And then cries,

Magna est Veritas, et prevalebit.

C H A P. XXV.

BATES often, by walking in
 the remote Parts of the Park,
 us'd to observe Ladies alone;
 but at once cry'd, *No Dutcheſ-*
ſes! War now ev'ry Day was expected;
 and *Bates* lay in a fresh Stock of engi-
 neering Knowledge, beſides recovering
 his former, in Expectation of the *great*
Day; " I ſuppoſe, ſays he, an Officer
 " thinks he does a vaſt Thing in ſtand-
 " ing by his Men, and with his Spon-
 " toon *levelling* their Firelocks; why,
 " ev'ry Man of Sixpence a Day does as
 " much; ſure there ſhould be ſome-
 " thing ſuperior, at leaſt I'll think ſo."
 I was always pleas'd when I happened
 to be on Duty when the ** paſt, and
 privately wiſh'd I could talk with him
 myſelf. " I fear, ſays *Bates*, that the
 " Truth ſeldom reaches his Ears! but
 " it

“ it shall ; if I die I’ll publish what I
 “ know, and ev’ry little helps.” While
 he was talking to himself in this manner,
 who should pass but the Colonel ; “ well
 “ *Bates*, says he, we shall have a War,
 “ there are near 20 Regiments to be
 “ rais’d ; would a Commission in a
 “ new rais’d one hurt you ? Would you
 “ go to *America* ? Aye, says *Bates*, or
 “ in the Marines to get Rank, and serve
 “ my *Country* (which he of late call’d
 “ his *bleeding Country*, as he was more
 “ and more let into the Secrets of
 “ Things) ; well, says he, ’tis no great
 “ Jump for a Serjeant in the Guards ;
 “ I think it feazable, and will do all I
 “ can to forward you ; but, says he, I
 “ fear you have taken an imprudent
 “ Step ; you have voted for *Spontoon*,
 “ who, tho’ an honest Man, is in the
 “ Country Interest ; I wish that may
 “ not hurt you.” “ Me, says *Bates* ! how
 “ can they know such a Trifle as that,
 “ or find out so insignificant a Fellow
 “ as me ? ” “ Well, says the Colonel, now
 “ is your Time, adieu ! ” *Bates* was in

high Spirits, and immediately went to Colonel Spontoon, and begg'd him (innocently) not to ~~own~~ he had voted for him; at the same Time, says he, "I'm prouder of it than I should be of a Company, because I know you'll never join any bad Measures; but if Times go so, we must lie still." Spontoon then said, (not knowing so much of the World as my dear Colonel, or not being so sincere) Oh! you may depend on it, you are over-look'd in the Croud; no one thinks of you; besides, where's the Crime of a *single* Vote? They never punish for that; 'tis for *Caballing* and making Parties against them; the Colonel and I will apply soon for you; the first Applications are the best; keep acting, as you have done, by practising and animating the Common Men to a Love of their **, their *Country*, their *Duty*, and their *Comrades*, and all will go Well; don't rail at the *Times*, (excuse me) — we know they are bad, but can't help — it

" it of Ourselves; and whatever you do,
 " speak well of the *Captain-General*,
 " who indeed has all Knowledge;"
 " Has he, says *Bates*? I wish I could
 " Converse with him." " We go to
 " the *Opera* to Night, says *Spontoon*;
 " I have the Guard; did you ever see
 " an *Opera*?" " No, says *Bates*;
 " nor will I ever, when I'm on *Duty*."
 " Thou art a Soldier, says the Colonel;
 " ev'ry Inch of you; Adieu! till Even-
 " ing."





CHAP. XXVI.

BATES, ev'ry Day, had Reason to expect a Commission. He often went on the Parade to snatch even a Sight of the Colonel; and (but that he could not bear to see Men *punished*) would never have mist that Place one Morning. —
 “ My Notion, says *Bates*, is, that when
 “ once Shame is gone, *bravery* follows
 “ — and a Soldier, whose *Back* is once
 “ exposed, will never, I fear, expose
 “ his *Face* afterwards: I had rather be
 “ *shot* outright. But People differ.
 “ Confinement and *proper* Shame for
 “ their Faults, might operate better.
 “ — I am no Judge.”

He would often take long Walks, and sit unobserved on a Bench at *Chelsea-Hospital*, to hear old *Firelocks* (as he called them) there, talk of Battles, now almost

almost forgot but by *Antiquarians* — *Ramilies*, *Oudenarde*, *Hochsted*, &c. — Some Younkers were there who puff'd of modern Fights, but no-body believ'd them, the old *Firelocks* rather laught, and said, *you're Parrot's, you speak as you are taught*. He would often taste their Small-beer and Food, and with a Sigh say (after well paying them for it) " May I have " such a Retreat! I wish no more after " *serv'ing* well." " Aye! but says a Snow-pated Fellow with a Brace of wooden Props (the Originals in *another* Country for the Honour of *this*) " there are many here who never flash- " ed an Ounce of Powder in all their " Lives." — " Heyday! says *Bates*, " what, Corruption here! impossible. " I'll get to the Bottom of it, however." Then beckoning old *Stumpibus* to follow him, they went to the Sign of the *Bold Grenadier*, and the Ears of *Bates* were stunned with Tales of filthy *Party* and private *Interest* — how such a Man was only a General Officer's House Porter, and yet enjoyed the Benefit so many

ny poor Fellows *languish* after, and even *starve* for want of: How a *Butcher*, with a long Arrear to ****, was glad to accept that or nothing; " We have
 " *Tailors, Glaziers, Bakers, &c.* all
 " on the same Interest. An unpaid
 " Bill, or a Vote is a better *Right* than
 " my two *Tuscan Pillars* here, had I
 " not got in Years ago. Read our Mot-
 " to, there --- *Mumbrus fract* --- some-
 " thing they tell me in another Lan-
 " guage, that No-body but *wounded*
 " *have a Right to be here* --- I wish they
 " had not, says *Timbertoe*, because it
 " would be some Pastime to converse
 " with those who knew how and about
 " it. What argifies these Fellows? I
 " call them *trained Bands*. And you
 " may guess what valiant Soldiers they
 " are, when they have *struck* me here
 " often who can't defend myself:" (For
 he had a *lank Sleeve* besides.) *Bates*
 read the Motto over the Colonnade to-
 wards the Garden, and sighed. *Bates*
 after cried, " What a World we live
 " in! and yet, says he, I must live it
 " out.

" out. I could wish to fall in Battle!
 " 'Tis mean to make one's own *Exit*,
 " and yet I'm almost tired of Life. —
 " How came you by that Loss of Limbs,
 " says *Bates*?" " Scaling the Walls
 " of a Place *those* Fellows there never
 " heard of, says *Timbertoe*, under Lord
 " *Cadogan*; who, when he saw me
 " wounded and no Linnen at Hand,
 " stript his Shirt from his own Back
 " (I shall never forget it) and gave it
 " me to bind up my Wounds." —
Bates wept! and wished he might e-
 ver have the same Opportunity of being
stript to the Skin, too, for the sake of a
brave Soldier. " Well! but, says *Bates*,
 " what think you of the present Times?"
 " Bad enough, says *Timbertoe*, --- I
 " would not begin the World again!
 " Every Body are for themselves ----
 " No-body thinks of *Old England*. —
 " Patriots bully for their Country, now,
 " as Prostitutes talk of Love; but they
 " have Money always in *View*. I have
 " been in 18 pitched Battles, and nine
 " Sieges, Skirmishes I never mention,
 " this

“ this is all I have to shew, a Bed and
 “ a little plain Food; I don’t despise
 “ or slight it: But am Sorry I have no
 “ Companions --- Scarce a Comrade to
 “ talk with — Fellows whose Brothers
 “ voted for my Lord ***, here eating
 “ the Bread of Hundreds, who are
 “ limping about the Country, and want-
 “ ing even these Rascals *Leavings*. —
 “ But you are young; I should not dis-
 “ hearten you, perhaps the Times may
 “ mend.” Then seeing the poor Fel-
 low without a Cravat (and the Even-
 ing cool), *Bates* took off his own,
 put it round his Neck, buttoning his
 own Collar close, and so set off for
London.

On the first Bench in the Park (desi-
 rous of Repose) he found a most vene-
 rable Gentleman sitting there, who
 (where his Waistcoat opened) discover-
 ed a *Star* — “ Here’s Modesty, says
 “ *Bates*, and o’course, good Sense.” The
 Person and Benevolence of this fine
 Gentleman I shall never forget, tho’ I
 could not learn his Name. But I found,

by his Discourse, too; *there had been a Time*; and that he had served many of the great Offices faithfully, which I gueſt (from his own Account) by his having *had* ſuch a Succeſſion of them; for he had been Ambaſſador to almoſt every Court of *Europe*. My old Brother Corporal at *Chelſea*, and the Addition of this Patriot, made me truly melancholy. “ Sir, ſays *Brutus*, (for ſo I’ll call him) tho’ I do not profeſs your Way of Life, I have had my Dangers that Way. For the Honour of my Country I have been engaged at *Sea* and *Land* — I never ſtood idle becauſe fighting was not my *Trade*.” “ And pray, Sir, may I dare ſo far to aſk?” “ — Aye, ſays he, aſk me any Thing.” “ — That Star, I do imagine, was a Reward (tho’ a ſmall one) for your Services?” “ Yes, Sir, they thought it ſo. I wiſh I could hide it more. I think it no Honour, as it has, generally, been *given* away. — Of late, indeed, two (one of whom is dead) *deſerved* it. I wiſh my Age would per-

" permit me to sit longer — my *Can-*
 " *dle is out* ---- I know little of the
 " World; and little do I desire to know
 " further of it; the Curtain between
 " that and me will soon drop, and I
 " care not how soon the Play is over.
 " The Earth is grateful, it yields what
 " you desire it;---- Plants, Flowers,
 " Trees, Animals, the same ---- Man,
 " only, is *ungrateful!* I wish you may
 " not find it so, young Gentleman.
 " Good Evening to you, Sir." Could
 I paint to my Reader the Complacency,
 great Carriage, Humanity, and Mo-
 desty of this Person, while he spoke
 these and many other Things he would
 join, indeed, with my ever noble Cap-
 tain, and say, *there was a Time.* Sure,
 says I, this seems the first *Adam* -----

In himself is all his State. —

I followed this most venerable Figure,
 at a Distance, but lost him (thro' Fear
 of offending by going closer), some-
 where about *Grosvenor-street.* That
 Night

Night I dreamed much of him. But
Dreams are accidental! *daily* I think of
him, and ever shall; would I could
speak with him again! for

*Whilst I talk'd with him I seem'd in
Heav'n.*

I never saw so much before, and ne-
ver shall again. My Eyes looked their
last (not daring to follow him) when
I said, to myself, in my fav'rite *Milton*,

*Thou to Mankind be good and friendly
still,
And oft' return ———*



CHAP.



C H A P. XXVII.

* * * * * *ATES* had such an Itch for
 * * * * * *B* * * * * * *Chelsea Hospital*, that there,
 * * * * * (besides knowing the Truth
 of some Things, deliver'd in
 a *Whisper*, because of the *Eccho*) he
 was always sure of gaining some *Mili-*
tary Knowledge privately; for his Joy
 was to *surprize!* and make People
 say, "How the Duce did he come by
 "all this Knowledge?" He wish'd
 so well to the *Foundation*, that in Case of
 the Death of his several Children, men-
 tioned in his *Will*, he Bequeaths all he
 has, or shall have, to his *Brother Soldiers*
 there. — I would double the *Building*,
 says he, if I was *King*, or his Fav'rite near
 him, to tell him so. Can too much be
 done for such *Fellows*? A *Sailor* past
 by about this Time with a Wooden
 Leg, and tho' he did not solicit *Charity*,

ty, *Bates* knew the *Asking Eye* too well, to let him pass unassisted ; “ There’s
 “ *Sixpence*, cries *Bates* ; had you been
 “ a *Soldier*, says he, I would have
 “ doubled it. Ah ! says the Sailor, we,
 “ poor *Negroes*, fight in our Way as
 “ hard as you Gentlemen of the Ar-
 “ my, *God help us*. At the Word *Gentlemen*, *Bates* (for ’twas touching the
 “ very *String*) added another *Tester* : ”
 And the Fellow stumping on *Quick*, for fear of being over-heard, said to himself, — What the Duce is this same Thing called *Rank* ? Will it Feed or Cloath a Man ? — No ; will it give you a Dinner when half famish’d ? — No ; will it set a Broken Leg, or buy me a new Wooden one of the *Doric Order* ? — No ; well, they shall have the Rank if they will, with a *lean Carcass* to boot. Give me the Allowance for an *English Appetite*, and your Servant for the *Rank* ; but why, ’faith ! our Commanders, on second Thoughts, have as high Rank as their’s ; stay ! a Master and Commander of a Man of War Ranks with a Major ;

a Midshipman with a Lieutenant; —
God bless the King. — 'Egad there is
 something in Rank, and I hear it vexes
 the *Red Coats.* — *Bates* and he perhaps
 equally despised each other; but being
 ignorant of each other's Notions, no In-
 convenience happened. — Old *Stumpi-*
bus now again join'd *Bates*, and resum-
 ing the Discourse, said, “ Young
 “ Man, I am going out of the *World* in
 “ a few Months, or Days, or Hours, or
 “ perhaps Minutes; a Volly will be
 “ fir'd over me, and then all is at an
 “ End.” “ *Stiles* (for that is my
 “ Name) will be scarce remember'd a
 “ Day; my Bed, my Coat, my Fire-
 “ lock, and even my Breeches, (without
 “ *Lining* tho', for Mark the Villany of
 “ the *World*, *that* not being easy to be
 “ found out, they Trick us of that;
 “ who would think of examining there-
 “ abouts, cry they, Ah!) — All these
 “ will pass from me to a *Stranger* and a
 “ *Coward* perhaps; it grieves me, says
 “ he, that I was always mingled with
 “ the *Croud*, and never had an Oppor-
 “ tunity

" tunity of doing any Thing singular ;
 " Officers have many Advantages over
 " private Men ; but we have great Souls
 " among some of us, I assure you ; *Lord*,
 " how many *Marlboroughs*, *Eugenes*,
 " *Turennes*, and what not, have I
 " known fighting for Sixpence a Day?
 " and, as to Honour of the *other* Kind,
 " I remember a Comrade, who never
 " neglected the least Duty in his whole
 " Life, and who, by his own Oecono-
 " my, never was in Distress himself,
 " selling his *Firelock* to get Bread for
 " some *starving brave Soldiers* ; his in-
 " tended Punishment was *justly* chang-
 " ed into Reward as soon as it was
 " known, and he was made a Serjeant ;
 " but this was in former Days, now
 " perhaps he would have — - but no
 " Matter ; (*whispers*) * * * * *
 " I take you, says *Bates*." " Another
 " brave Fellow, says *Stiles*, boldly stood
 " a Chance of being Shot, by owning
 " a Crime in the Camp he was inno-
 " cent of, to save a Friend from Death,
 " because he had a Wife and Children.
 " What

“ What can one say to all this? But I
 “ shall ever Honour a Brother Corpor-
 “ ral, who, in the Agonies of a Death-
 “ Wound, said to his Friend, these
 “ *Breeches* are not the King’s, — take
 “ them, — my own Money paid for
 “ them; my Tobacco Box (only Com-
 “ mon Horn, but ’tis a Token) is in my
 “ Left Coat-pocket; and then finish’d,
 “ by saying, *Thank Heav’n*, there’s Six-
 “ pence a Day for some Friend, — a
 “ Provision for some Body else. It
 “ would tire your Patience, says *Stiles*,
 “ to hear me mention what I know and
 “ have seen with this Eye, for I lost
 “ my Right in a Skirmish near *Brux-
 “ elles*, the first Year of Inlisting; Ah!
 “ brave Times, — Brave Times! I
 “ never was so vext in my Life, as I
 “ was once, being shot in the *Butt*
 “ here (not running away tho’, but
 “ turning round to animate my Men,
 “ for I had a Command of *six*, besides
 “ the *Rear-man*, and we were attack’d)
 “ that I lost, being in the Battle of
 “ *Hochsted*; I was then in the *Dra-*
 “ goons,

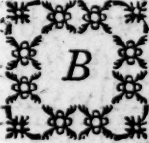
“ *goens*, and could not keep the Saddle
 “ on Account of my Wound there;
 “ but’faith, rather than beidle, I fought
 “ on Foot, and that droll Dog *Cadogan*, (I always smile when I think on
 “ him) ever after, called me *An Otter*,
 “ Captain *Otter* too: Ah! brave Days,
 “ brave Days. Whenever I had a *Com-*
 “ *mand*, which was often the Case, I
 “ always thought myself a *General Of-*
 “ *ficer*, and *Commander in Chief*; and
 “ having no Drum, I soon made that Af-
 “ fair easy to myself, imagining I was go-
 “ ing on some *secret* Expedition, when
 “ no Drum, you know, is suffer’d to
 “ beat, even to my Betters; by never
 “ looking *behind* me, but facing my
 “ *Enemy*, that might be, I always, by a
 “ Kind of fanciful *Rhetorick*, multipli-
 “ ed my little *Corps* into a Thousand;
 “ for a *General*, at the Head of 1000,
 “ can only hear the Tramping of a File
 “ or two, — those who are next him,
 “ — then what signifies the *Rear*? Ah!
 “ ’Tis all Fancy, and many a Piece of
 “ hard Service have I gone thro’ by
 “ that

“ that very Thing, call’d *Fancy* ; you
 “ *Laugh* ; but a File, a Company, a
 “ Regiment, or an Army, is but a
 “ Command still.” *Bates* indeed smil-
 ed, for in Relieving Out-Centinels him-
 self, he has often had the same Thoughts,
 and it help’d off the Fatigue of a *Win-
 ter Night’s Duty*. *Bates* generally wait-
 ed at *Chelsea* to hear the *Tattoo* Beat, as
 he said, it gave him an *Idea* of a *Garri-
 son*, which he long’d to live in, or a for-
 tified Town, and then march’d again,
 as usual, for *London* ; always promising
 to have another *Whisper* with his *old
 Friend* of the *Wooden Supporters*.





C H A P. XXVIII.


BATES, after a melancholy Night, and frightful Dreams of seeing *Cities swallowed*, — *Trees torn up by the Roots*; — *Steeple*s falling, and so forth, could not but think it all presaged a *sinking Country*; but, like *Catesby* in *King Richard*, (as he was dressing himself) concluded they were,

Shadows, indeed — beneath a Soldier's Notice!

Having no Duty, he goes to a *Review* of *Horse* in *Hyde-Park*, — when they drew their *Swords* it put him in *Mind* of *Milton*:

He spake, and to confirm his Words out-
flew

K

Millions

*Millions of Flaming Swords, — the sudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell. —*

Afterwards he went to the Colonel, and then to *Spontoan*, both, *luckily*, at Home, and kind enough to give him Letters to *** for a Lieutenancy in one of the new Regiments. — Undrest as he was, knowing his Recommenders Rank and Favour with the *Great Man*, he goes ; — was introduc'd, even where he was Dressing, — how seemingly Kind ! “ Your Business shall soon be
“ dispatch'd ; had you not rather get
“ into an *old* Corps ? these *new* ones
“ are only short liv'd.” “ To get *Rank*,
“ says *Bates*, and not Pay, is what I
“ want ; I can live harder than any
“ Man, so I have but a Chance of serving as an Officer, and having my little Merits *known*.” “ Well ! says
“ he, 'tis spoke *Soldier-like* ; come Tomorrow, — a good deal hurried now,
“ — all on my weak Shoulders ; — no
“ Body to help ; — well ! in the vast
“ Eddy of Publick Affairs 'tis impossible

“ I

“ I can think of ev’ry Thing, therefore
 “ think of Yourself ; — a Lieutenancy
 “ in a new Regiment, — but an old
 “ one, if possible ; — come, I know
 “ your Wishes ; — you have a Restless
 “ *Ambition* about you ; — an old one
 “ is best.” “ That is best, says *Bates*,
 “ which comes *soonest* ; I want a little
 “ Rank, and to fight my Way after-
 “ wards.” “ Adieu ! my Dear *Gates*.”
 “ Oh ! Pray, Sir, don’t forget my
 “ Name, that would spoil all ; *Bates*.”
 “ With an *S.* at the End ? says he.”
 Then as he stoop’d into his Chair, said,
 “ True, — I know some of your Fa-
 “ mily, *B-a-t-e-s*, am I Right ? good
 “ Day ; I must go to Court ; I have
 “ Dispatches.” *Bates* having little to
 do, return’d into the House to Thank a
 good old Gentleman, who had been
 kind to him above Stairs. He found
 him ; and as *Bates*, by a Kind of Sim-
 pathy, often lit on Men of Humanity,
 this was one. “ You seem lucky,
 “ says the Person ; but think yourself
 “ sure of Nothing ; many Things fall

“ between the Cup and the Lip ; I
 “ have had more *Promises* for 30 Years
 “ than any Man, and have got Nothing
 “ certain at last ; Have you a Vote any
 “ where ? A *Borough* is the best,
 “ but a County one will do to make an
 “ *Exciseman*.” “ Nothing further, —
 “ next to this Kind of Interest an early
 “ *Cucumber*, a few *May Cherries*, or a
 “ Receipt for some new *Dish* or *Sauce*,
 “ is the surest Step to Preferment ; yes,
 “ there are others, by which the Duke
 “ of * * * rose, and the Earl of * * *
 “ got considerably ; they had pretty
 “ Sisters, and were not *stiff*, — as we
 “ say here, — but *supple*, *supple* ;
 “ well, and have you ever giv’n away
 “ this Vote (I *pity* you, young Man,
 “ and therefore I examine you for your
 “ future Good) against the Interest of
 “ the * * * ? ” “ I gave it, says *Bates*,
 “ as a Man and a Soldier ought, — to
 “ one who will never join *Oppression*,
 “ but do all to serve his *King* and *Coun-*
 “ *try*.” “ Well, says the Person, —
 “ you are young, — you’ll know which
 “ Side

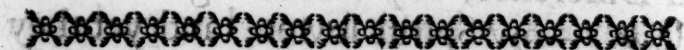
Side your Bread is buttered on (like
 " myself) when it is too late perhaps:
 " I wish you well; but speak well of
 " those in Pow'r, to continue well with
 " them, or *Woe be to you*; --- Adieu!"

Bates went Home, and by the perpetual Hints about this little Vote of his, began to think it a *serious* Thing, and wish'd he had never had it. Pow'r, says he, I have often heard makes more Enemies than Friends, — I find it so! then concluded,

Ob! fortunatos Nimium sua si bona norint

Agricolas ———





C H A P. XXIX.

* * * * * N * * * * * INETEN of the *new* Re-
 giments, by the Publick Pa-
 pers, were all Officer'd, and
Bates still leading the Life of a
Spider; notwithstanding, for fear of mis-
 sing the Great Personage, he took a
 Lodging, by the Desire of * * *, near him;
 yet he was often out first, or said to be
 so; for *Bates* (on his Death-bed) recol-
 lected that one Day a bloated Porter said,
 his Master was not within; but, recollect-
 ing himself, Oh! yes, he is, Sir, *to you*,
 but turn'd off twenty *others*; this was
 early in our Acquaintance; I never was
 at his Levee, but I thought of what *Bru-*
tus says,

——— *But, look'e, Cassius,*
The angry Spot doth glow on Cæsar's Brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden Train.

If I was one of the Elect, *then*, some-
 body else might be so *now*; alas! I found

a Difference, my Purse began to run low, — my Spirits lower; and yet they would both have been lower *still* had I follow'd my *Patron's* Hint, who told me I should come in a Coach; he lov'd to see Coaches about his Gates; if you can't come yourself you may send an empty one, says he, that's all I expect. Since a Noble Lord's *new* Pattern for Carriages of that Kind, you may have a very good one (of the *last* Edition) for a Trifle a Day, — with *Arms* be sure, — but *Supporters* if you can get them; they are common enough, if you apply early, otherwise they are engaged by the *Sixteen*. But I never once was slack in my *Duty*, and have often been with my great Friend, as I thought him, early, shav'd and drest, tho' on Guard all Night; then to my Pupils in the *Bird-Cage*; after which Gunnery and Fortification, as usual, clos'd the Day. There was now but one Regiment left, when *the Colonel* sent for me; I was in Spirits, knowing he could not deceive me.

K 4 Says

Says he, “ *Bates*, I fear we are blown
 “ up ! *Spontoon* was to have had a Re-
 “ giment, but his *Election* has stopt it ;
 “ the *last* is given this Morning, —
 “ whether the Subalterns are filled, I
 “ can’t say. — *Spontoon* is sure of this,
 “ for being with the great *Ruler* of the
 “ Kingdom this Morning, he saw a
 “ M. S. Book lie open, and while the
 “ great Man slept aside, he ventured to
 “ peep in it ; he there saw his Name,
 “ with a *B.* opposite, which (for ’tis
 “ called *Dooms-day Book*) we, who
 “ know the World, know to be *fatal* ;
 “ depend on it you’ll fall too, for the
 “ Crime is unpardonable, and you are
 “ *Accessory* ; why would you not ask
 “ my Advice ? *Spontoon* is a very wor-
 “ thy Man, but errs in Politics, from a
 “ fiery Quality he has about him ; ’twas
 “ unkind to draw you in.” “ Well,
 “ says *Bates*, — I hope they will have
 “ a *braver* Man in the Place I expected ;
 “ but, I believe, I should not have *dis-*
 “ *grac’d* my Country, or my Patron ;
 “ I have borne much, and can bear
 “ more ;

“ more ; may ev’ry Blessing attend you
 “ in Peace, in War Glory, and Length of
 “ Days afterwards to enjoy it ; I would
 “ have you wounded again to silence en-
 “ vious and lying Tongues.” “ But, says
 “ the Colonel, I have *resign’d* this
 “ Morning.” *Bates* is Thunder-struck !
 “ What, has my Noble Colonel been ill
 “ us’d too ? Time will tell all.” “ As
 “ War is not yet declared I can’t be
 “ suspected of Cowardice, says the Co-
 “ lonel.” “ He’s a Liar, says *Bates*, who
 “ can ever say so ; does not your Wound
 “ there, shew the contrary ? but, Sir, I
 “ won’t trouble you now ; you look as
 “ I really am, full of Vexation ; I
 “ would there was a Battle this Morn-
 “ ing ! I would court Death if he would
 “ not seek me ! am tir’d of Life :

Oh ! when shall I get loose from this vain
World,
Th’ abode of Guilt and Sorrow ! — —

“ Well, says the Colonel, let me see
 “ you, as usual, when I return, — am

"going a few Miles off for a Week."

"I fear, says *Bates*, I shall never see

"you again; I seem struck with Death."

Oh! Liberty, --- Oh! Virtue, --- Oh!
my Country!



CHAP.

C H A P. XXX.

 *ATES* goes to his Quarters,
 and News is brought, that several Places in *America* are attacked by the treacherous *French*; “ Aye, says *Bates*, I wish I
 “ was there with a Company of my own
 “ disciplining---I’d face an *Army* with
 “ them.” Then goes to the *Bird Cage*,
 and gladly relieves some Brother Corporals of Duty there, which they thought a *Toil*. While he was busy, giving the Word of Command, News was brought, that a certain Island of an In-land Sea was taken---“ Damn them, says he,
 “ (the first Oath that ever was heard
 “ to fall from him) I told them of this
 “ when I shewed them my *Plans*.” If
 “ any *Dorsetshire* Men were there I’m
 “ sure the Enemy had Business enough.
 “ I hope my Countrymen had the Ho-
 “ nours

"nours of War! I can't but wish I had
 "been there." Then turning *very pale*,
 and leaning against a Tree, he was
 soon observed to be unfit for his Duty
 any longer, and they begged him to
Retreat. "No, says he, I'll give the
 "Command with my *Stick*, as my
 "Voice is too faint to be heard." Still
 growing worse, some Friends, who felt
 for him (without knowing the Cause,)
 cry'd fetch a Sedan Chair out of *Queen's*
Square, and carry him home: "No,
 "says he, 'tis not a *Carriage* for a Sol-
 "dier---give me some lusty Fellows'
 "*Backs*, and I'll go home."--- There
 was such a Rush, at once, of Volun-
 teers to do this, seemingly, last Kind-
 ness to *Bates*, that, instead of *assisting*
 him, they had like to have thrown him
 down. "Let me have them *all Cor-*
 "*porals*, says he, if possible; (I remem-
 "ber *Alexander*, somewhere, said, I'll
 "play at any trifling Game you will,
 "only let me have *Kings* to play with.)
 "But, if not, I'm content." He was
 then carried home, followed by more
 real

real *Mourners* than those who lie in State at the *Jerusalem Chamber*, and are buried near Kings and Queens at Midnight. As soon as he arrived, he said, "Bring me all those Papers in the Grenadiers-cap there:"—'Twas done—he threw them in the Fire,—And, (after speaking plain a few Minutes, and telling the Company present, that those Papers were Plans for Operations in War, and Experiments in Gunnery, which were not worthy any Notice (as we have *so many* that are *excellent in that Way*.) "But, says he, I meant "well.")—He called for a Pen and Ink, and declaring he could not live; wrote a Letter; when, before he had sealed it, his Tongue failed him, and nothing but *Moan, Moan*, was heard: They often asked him, Why he *moaned* so? He then would shake his Head and wave his Hand, and repeat *Moan, Moan*, so that many who know the Secret of his Death now think he meant *Mahon*, an *Isle* in an In-land Sea;—and then he expired in the Arms of Serjeant *Platoon*,

toom, and Corporal File, in the Presence of many more ; who all cryed, *'Tis a greater Loss to us than a Battle!* The Street was so crouded, 'till he was buried, that Passengers thought the Companies were paid thereabout, they attended so constantly. But the Reader seems impatient to know what his Letter was, suspecting, perhaps, that it was something *malicious* against Men in Power---quite otherwise; --- But it surprized every one, No-body guessing the Reason 'till now, that he never was known to intrigue (as Soldiers by their Profession are *allowed* to do) or visit any one but her who is the Subject of this Letter, which follows:

My dearest, dearest, Edith!

NO one, but ourselves, knows the Reason why we never made our Marriage public: Now, the whole World shall! And believe me, my dear Wife! the Pain I feel in dying would make me smile, but that you are not near me, and never can

*in this Life. — The Moment my Commis-
 sion (so long promised) had been signed
 (and, o'course, your Pension fix'd) the
 Affair should have been as public, as, 'till
 now, it has been private. We both agreed
 the Name of a Wife and Family might
 hinder my Rising in Life, as the World is
 too apt to fly from Misfortune. How
 faithful you have behaved my last Breath
 has declared, and while my Hand can
 hold a Pen it is to write to you. How
 happy I could have died, had your Pension
 been establisht, compared to what I now
 feel, I am the best Judge.---Why I de-
 stroyed some Papers may appear strange;
 but you would have been cheated out of
 them by Promises, and never have been
 thanked, as I was ---- therefore I burned
 them.---- Besides, I do not think the ***
 deserved to have them. My Memoirs,
 and other Papers, you may publish; but,
 pray, make no Addition, unless as far as
 my Burial, and that as short as possible.---
 Publish my Life first; after that, if they
 succeed to you, follow the Numbers as they
 stand.*

*stand. — My Spirits fail me — I
would write more, but then, perhaps, I
might be prevented finishing as I ought;
which is giving it under my Hand, how
much I am,*

Your most faithful Husband,

Even in the Moments of Death.

E. T. BATES.

*P. S. I request that our Son, christened,
you remember, by the several Names
(as foreign Children often have) of
Marlborough - Eugene - Turenne -
Peterborough - Saxe-Cumberland,
&c. &c. be not brought up a Soldier
— but if so, never to know the
Mathematics.*

*To Mrs. Bates, at her
Country Lodgings,
Pimlico.*

CHAP.



C H A P. XXXI.

***** R S. *Bates* was found, tho' too
 * M * late, to close those Eyes, which
 * * * would have look'd their last
 * * * on her ; judge her Situation !

The Avenues and Stairs of *Bates's*
 Lodgings were so crouded for a Week,
 that 'twas difficult to pass ; some said
 there was to be a *Review*, others *new*
Cloathing giv'n out, and others again,
 that the Men were *paid* somewhere
 thereabouts. So eager were People to
 see any Thing that even belong'd to
 him, (much more his Coarse) that a
 Grenadier, who took some Halfpence at
 first, to shew his Halberd, Sword, and
 Regimentals, now rais'd it to Sixpence ;
 and when his Comrades cried Shame
 on him, he smiled ; (privately knowing
 that he could trust no one else, and that
 they would do worse, if he would let
 them)

them) for he nobly *return'd* the whole to his Wife and Family, being near 10 Pounds. His Burial was as well attended as his Grace of *Marlbro's*, with respect to Numbers; and ev'ry Thing being perform'd there to the Satisfaction of his Friends, the Executors came home, and open'd his Will, which appears to be wrote but a few Days before his Death; one would almost think (but that he was a true Soldier) he took something to destroy him slowly; we will not be too strict in our Inquiries, least it should sully a Character hitherto compleat. Mrs. *Bates* was the Daughter of a Half-pay Lieutenant, whom he (generously, as she says, having no Fortune) married so long ago, as when he went a Recruiting, and partly by denying himself Things, which Soldiers too often grant themselves; but chiefly by teaching the *Mathematicks*, which he kept a Secret, to prevent the Jest of his Comrades, who would have said he was *no Soldier* perhaps (a Fling he could not endure) he maintained her very genteelly; his
 separate

separate Lodgings (the only seeming Extravagance in him) were occasion'd from the received Opinion that a Soldier should never marry; and any Thing that hurt the Credit of a Soldier (even in Imagination) hurt him; he often chose the Name of Intrigues he had no Hand in, merely to blind the World 'till his Commission was signed, for he could not bear the Questions that would be ask'd by seeming, but impertinent, Friends; *but what will Mrs. Bates do if you are called away?* the Answer would have been at Hand, when a *Pension* is visible; before I give a Copy of some Part of the Will, which concludes this History, (the whole not being allowed on account of his Friend at the Commons, who he thought would lose many a Shilling from the Curious) it may be necessary to say that he order'd a plain Stone should be fixt over him, with this Inscription:

— *Vivat Rex!* —

Corporal B A T E S

Liv'd— and wou'd have dy'd, in the Service of his

— *Country.* —

But, &c. &c.

No

No Year, nor Age. He thought it sufficient, and his Words were strictly obeyed. Serjeant *Platoon* says (who took it down) that 'tis exact; but Posterity will be much divided (who know not the *Secrets* of Things) what was to have follow'd the Word *But*; — whether it was But for his own Mismanagement; --- But for the treachery of seeming Friends; --- But for the Persecution of his Enemies; --- But for his ill Stars; --- or, But for his skill in the *Mathematicks*; --- and no Wonder Posterity will be ignorant, when even his Contemporaries could not learn from his own Mouth which he meant, but are left still to guess at it, from Circumstances and the Face of Things.

The few Paragraphs of his Will allowed to be mention'd, (and which he thought would give People an Appetite to see the whole) are as follows:

“ *Item.* I will, that my Executors
 “ (within 10 Days after my Decease)
 “ do buy *Cocker's Arithmetic*, and leave
 “ it

“ it at the House of **** that he may
 “ learn Accounts; so as to ballance
 “ those of the *Nation* first, and his *own*
 “ afterwards.

“ *Item*. My Will and Meaning is,
 “ that my little Free-hold in the Coun-
 “ try called *Freedom-Hall*, be sold to
 “ an absolute Stranger, and not in
 “ the Family; least any of the Name
 “ of *Bates* should, in after Times,
 “ (which may happen, for nothing is
 “ impossible as Times go,) be corrupt-
 “ ed, and *sell* his Vote to *Undeservers*.

“ *Item*. I give to all those who had
 “ Resolution to Vote against Strangers
 “ doing *that* for us, which we are al-
 “ ways best able to do ourselves, a Pair
 “ of *Buffalo Gloves* each, out of my
 “ Stock sent me from abroad, (if they
 “ will oblige me so far as to accept them)
 “ which Gloves, while they wear them,
 “ will keep them as *honest* as they now
 “ are; --- for they are so stiff, you can't
 “ hold a *Bribe*, but it must fall to the
 “ Ground, gingle, and betray all.

“ *Item*.

These are the only few allow'd to be made Public in this Way : Whoever is further curious may see the whole (consisting of 10 Pages) at *Doctor's Commons*. Thus ended the Life of a very ingenious and brave Man, (scarce 35 Years of Age) which, tho' short, was *for his Station* full of Honour ; and rais'd for the Time as high in Rank as *Merit* alone generally carries any Man. The Stone Mason at the *Savoy* tells me, he can scarce go on in his Work, on account of the numberless Questions ask'd him ; and scarce an Hour in the Day passes, but Strangers enquire for his Tomb ; and, striking their Breasts, Cry !

Alas ! poor Bates.

The News has reach'd *Shaftesbury*, *Dr. Cassoc*, and his Brethren cruelly exult ; — and *Bates's* Mother still says, that *Betsey's* wicked Scheme ruined her Son. Here end the Memoirs of Corporal *Bates* !

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made Public in this Way : Whoever
further curious may see the whole, con-
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By W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar,*

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